INQUIRY ®
MAGAZINE
NOVEMBER 27, 1978 • $1.25

David Wise: *Goodbye to CIA Reform*

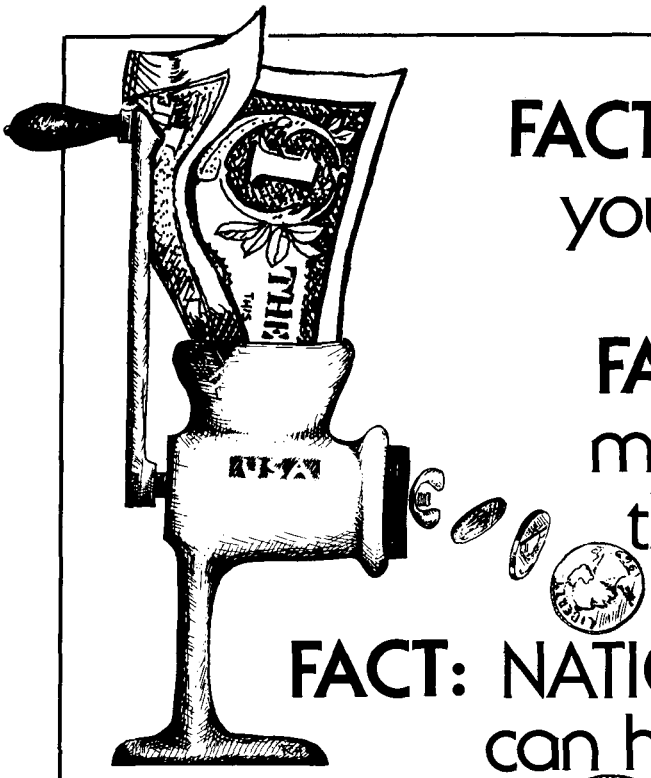
The Several Faces of Peter Bourne

Taxes, Spooks, the Farber Case

FASCISM IN BRAZIL

By PENNY LERNOUX

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FACT: 40c of every dollar you earn goes to taxes.

FACT: You don't have much control over how those taxes are spent.

FACT: NATIONAL OPINION POLL can help you change that.

I am interested in the National Opinion Poll.

- ☐ Please send me more information.
- ☐ Please enroll me as a member.
- ☐ Please add additional voter privilege to my membership.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Additional voter name _____

☐ $36 enclosed for each 12-month membership. ☐ Plus $12 for addit. voter.

☐ Bill me later. ☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa

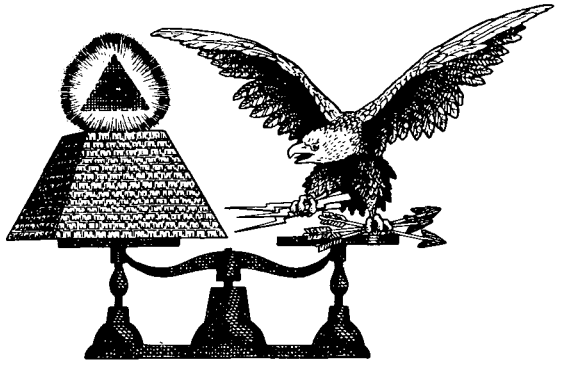
Card # _____

Expiration date _____ Bank # _____

Signature _____

Note: If you are not satisfied with your membership in N.O.P. we will refund the unexpired portion at your request.

National Opinion Poll
30 N. San Pedro Road
San Rafael, CA. 94903



National Opinion Poll

This is your invitation to become involved in an exciting chain of events that will connect you with your lawmakers in Washington. It's a new process called National Opinion Poll, which uses the combined media of the mails, the telephone, a computer, polling kits, a magazine, and the resources of one of the largest public relations firms in the country to get your opinions forcefully across to Congress and the press. It makes it possible for you to vote each month on four major decisions currently facing Congress—decisions affecting your tax dollars. And since 40¢ of every dollar you earn goes to taxes, isn't it about time you had some say over how that money is spent?

When you enroll in the National Opinion Poll, you'll receive a Voter Registration Kit, including a confidential Voter Identification Number (your passkey to the National Opinion Poll) and a toll-free telephone number you can use to place your vote. You also receive a year's subscription to the National Opinion Poll magazine!

The National Opinion Poll will provide you with key information about the decision-making process in government today. But more important, you can now participate in that process. By plugging into the National Opinion Poll, you'll be plugging into the debates going on in Washington. Congress needs your input, and you can give it to them effectively—by joining thousands of other Americans participating each month in this powerful new process.

You'll be hearing a lot about the National Opinion Poll in the coming months. But don't just read about us. Start participating today. Complete and mail your coupon now.

Call Toll Free 800-648-5321

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INQUIRY®

NOVEMBER 27, 1978

Fascism in Brazil

PENNY LERNOUX **p. 12**

Is anybody watching the CIA?

DAVID WISE **p. 17**

Inquiries ..... **p. 2**

Therapeutic State
Bourne's Quaalude caper, *by Thomas Szasz* ..... **p. 4**

Dispatch
Proxy war in Lebanon, *by Doyle McManus* ..... **p. 7**

Media
Another look at the Farber case, *by John L. Hess* ..... **p. 9**

Books
Reviews *by Ivo Banac, Karl Hess, John Gordon & Jonathan Marshall* ..... **p. 22**

Poetry
Poems *by Reginald Gibbons* ..... **p. 26**

Film
New York Film Festival I, *Reviewed by Stephen Harvey* ..... **p. 30**

Edward H. Crane III, Publisher

Williamson M. Evers, Editor
Ralph Raico, Senior Editor
Phil Stanford, Senior Editor
Mark Paul, Associate Editor
Jonathan Marshall, Associate Editor
Ruth K. Franklin, Copy Editor
Elizabeth Lafferty, Assistant Copy Editor
Georgia Smith, Research

Mary Ann Gendall, Art Director
Bruce McGillivray, Staff Illustrator
Patricia Stutsman, Production and Layout

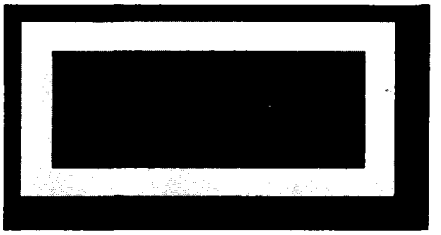
Ilene Briggin, Production Manager
Jennifer Wallace, Assistant Production Manager
Janis Collins, Elizabeth Ditz, Susan Strotman, Staff

Barton J. Bernstein, Diane Divoky, Penny Lernoux, Earl C. Ravenal, Murray N. Rothbard, Peter Schrag, William Shawcross, Rose Styron, Thomas Szasz, Nicholas Von Hoffman, Contributing Editors; Stephen Harvey, Films; Dana Gioia, Literature

Inquiry Magazine. Volume 1, Number 24, November 27, 1978. Published semimonthly except for the second half of January, June, July, and August. Inquiry is published at 1701 N. Fort Myer Drive, Arlington, VA 22209. Second-class postage (439090) paid at Arlington, VA and additional mailing offices. Annual subscription price: $12.50; single copy price: $1.25. Overseas subscription price: $23.50 surface mail; $45.00 airmail. Send subscription requests and address corrections to: P.O. Box 19270, Washington, DC 20036.

Copyright 1978 by Cato Institute.

ISSN No. 0148-5008. Address all editorial correspondence to Inquiry, c/o Cato Institute, 1700 Montgomery St., San Francisco, CA 94111, (415) 433-4319.



News flash

■ President Carter's mother, Mrs. Lillian Carter, confessed Wednesday that when the Dodgers lost the World Series, she cried and got sick. . . .

She said she had to leave her table abruptly at Ma Maison restaurant . . . because the loss had made her ill.

"It was terrible. I lost everything I had," she said.

—Los Angeles Times, Oct. 19, 1978

Now that's what we call grade inflation

■ Senate Majority Leader Robert C. Byrd, in his final press conference as the 95th Congress struggled toward adjournment Saturday, proclaimed that both President Carter and Congress had earned "A" grades.

—Los Angeles Times, Oct. 15, 1978

Not to worry

■ The Army is going ahead with the shipment of nearly 900 nerve gas bombs from a site near Denver to an installation in Utah despite the discovery of leaks earlier this year in three of the bombs, The Pentagon said yesterday.

An Army statement said that extensive tests on the three leaking bombs and on one that was not leaking showed there was "no evidence to indicate . . . that movement of the (remaining) stockpile would present any problem." . . . Officials have said that every precaution will be taken in moving the bombs, but they have also said that no guarantee can be made that other leaks might not occur.

—Philadelphia Inquirer, Oct. 6, 1978

Not a dry eye or untapped phone in the place

■ Lately, friends have seen [Senator James O.] Eastland, the customarily gruff, stone-faced old Dixie mossback, with his eyes full of tears.

He wept at a Justice Department reception after he had been praised by Atty. Gen. Griffin B. Bell, managing to blurt out only one sentence in response, "One thing for sure, I'm for the FBI."

—Los Angeles Times, Oct. 14, 1978

Okay, shove it

■ Barnaby C. Keeney, former Brown University president, confirmed Friday that he worked for the Central Intelligence Agency while he headed the Ivy League school. . . .

Keeney, in acknowledging his CIA work, said the action may have been improper in the minds of some young people. But, he added, "I am a citizen of this country. I felt I should do whatever I was asked."

—Los Angeles Times, Oct. 21, 1978

Stop the presses

■ A year ago Ethiopia seemed on the verge of disintegration. . . . Now the PMAC [the ruling Provisional Military Administrative Council], and above all its chairman, Lt-Col. Mengistu Haile Mariam, are full of confidence. The Somali invasion was smashed in March, and a series of impressive, if costly, victories over the Eritrean guerrillas has recaptured most of the Eritrean towns . . .

—London Sunday Times, Oct. 15, 1978

■ After 16 months of fighting and thousands of casualties, Ethiopia has made few significant gains in either of its two wars in the Horn of Africa. In fact, Ethiopia's military position today is scarcely more favorable than it was in mid-1977 . . .

—Los Angeles Times, Oct. 22, 1978

Speaking of welfare . . .

■ Norman Whitley grows eight acres of tobacco on a small farm near [Smithfield, N.C.], and has about as much use for people who want to ban smoking as he does for black shank disease [a fungus that kills tobacco].

"I hope people will keep smoking," he said. "I guess if they don't I'll get in the welfare line." . . .

What [tobacco] farmers fear most is that no-smoking drives will . . . goad Congress into killing the government's 40-year-old tobacco price support program. . . .

—Los Angeles Times, Oct. 13, 1978

And why not a color TV for those lonely winter nights?

■ A snowplow is all the small western Nebraska town of Sidney wants. Not a big snowplow, just a little one. A truck with a blade on it would do. But the federal government wants Sidney to have a big snowplow, one that costs $83,000, plus a $106,000 building to keep it warm.

—Washington Post, Sept. 19, 1978

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plugging leaks for the CIA

This is oversight?

CAN CONGRESS CONTROL THE INTEL-ligence agencies? As David Wise shows elsewhere in this issue, the answer to that question is, Probably not. That's because many members of Congress, including most of those on the intelligence oversight committees, seem more concerned with ending the revelations than with putting a stop to the policies that allowed the CIA to roam untamed for 30 years.

A recent report by a Senate intelligence subcommittee, "National Security Secrets and the Administration of Justice," is a case in point. How to punish CIA lawbreakers is indeed a genuine problem, long overdue for study. For nearly three decades, CIA wrongdoers were shielded from criminal prosecution by a cozy arrangement worked out between the agency and the Justice Department in 1954 [*INQUIRY*, Oct. 16, 1978]. In effect this agreement gave the CIA the discretion to decide whether prosecuting one of its employees would result in airing too many agency secrets; not surprisingly, few CIA people went to court under this scheme. Obviously, any reform charter for the CIA must be backed by criminal penalties. The intelligence committee, for its part, says it wants to be sure that these penalties can be applied without exposing national secrets.

However, the Senate subcommittee's report, written under the supervision of Senator Joseph R. Biden, Jr. (D.-Del.), devotes little space to those CIA officials who abuse their powers. Amazingly, the senators dwell instead on how to punish those who leak to the press so-called "national security information." "There has been a major failure on the part of the government to take action in leak cases," the committee complains. In effect, when the Justice Department has tried to prosecute those who have exposed some of the CIA's nefarious activities, the agency has been reluctant to cooperate, fearing rightly enough that more dirty linen would get hung out in open court.

So the committee recommends a series of measures to plug leaks and to protect what it calls, in typically antiseptic language, "CIA sources and methods." (These "methods" are what the rest of us normally call by their real names: bugging, thievery, bribery, blackmail, and murder.) The committee concludes that imposing a British style Official Secrets Act would probably be ineffective (we should be thankful for small favors), and instead proposes establishing tougher administrative procedures to discipline "leakers," granting increased authority for the FBI to investigate leaks, and setting up a new pretrial proceeding to limit the access of defendants to "national security information" for evidence in their cases.

The CIA could not have gotten a more congenial set of recommendations had it written the report itself. The committee report faithfully echoes the line that we hear so often now from the Carter administration, the CIA, and their media lapdogs: that revelations about how the intelligence agency operates have damaged its morale and diminished its ability to carry out its world-wide mission.

This is so much malarkey. If the leaking of CIA secrets has hampered the agency, it's because the disclosures have so horrified the American people that they have forced the President to put an end to certain intelligence practices. Without such leaks, Congress would never have investigated the intelligence agencies or undertaken to reform them. Even today, without leaks from inside the agencies, Congress would have little notion of where to begin in ferreting out wrongdoing. Therefore, it hardly makes sense for the congressional intelligence committees to put a gag on the likes of Victor Marchetti, Frank Snepp, and John Stockwell. It hardly makes sense, that is, unless the committee doesn't really want to know what's going on.

Lowering the threshold

Carter's weapons

OF ALL THE NONSTRATEGIC WEAPONS on the Pentagon's drawing boards, perhaps the two with the greatest potential for creating new and dangerous battlefield tensions are the neutron bomb and binary nerve gas. That is why peace groups have fought against them so hard in recent years. And that is why the revelations last month that the Carter administration plans to start production of not just one, but both of them, again raise disquieting questions about Carter's intentions. (It should not be forgotten that this is the President who, in the name of fulfilling his campaign pledges to cut the defense budget, has raised military spending to its highest peacetime level in U.S. history.)

Of the two, the neutron bomb is more familiar. It is a nuclear weapon that is designed to destroy its target with radiation, rather than with blast and heat. It is a tactical nuclear weapon—that is, one intended for short-range, battlefield use—and would be mounted on missiles or fired by artillery.

Advocates of the neutron bomb say that it is needed to counter the Soviet tank force in Europe where the current, high-blast nuclear weapons would inflict heavy damage in the crowded countryside. Neutron bombs—or "enhanced radiation weapons," as they say in the business—would kill the tank crewmen without causing unacceptable "collateral" damage. Even the tanks would be left intact.

Binary nerve gas is, essentially, the same deadly nerve gas we have come to know and love, but in a new package. To date, chemical weapons have posed a difficult logistics

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problem for the military. This has been especially true of nerve gases, which, once released into the atmosphere, accidentally or otherwise, will kill any vertebrate animal in the vicinity in a matter of seconds. Consequently, the army keeps all its chemical weapons in heavily guarded depots at a distance from the front lines.

With binary weapons this practical problem is eliminated. To quote one of the more touching paragraphs from a wire-service report on the subject, "The Pentagon has called binary gas munitions the safest of the chemical arsenal, because they would consist of two relatively harmless chemicals which would mix to form a deadly gas only after the shell or bomb is on its way to the target."

Proponents of the new binary gas weapon, including Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, say that it is needed to counter what they consider the Soviet Union's superior "chemical warfare capability."

The obvious effect of introducing neutron bombs and binary nerve gas weapons to the U.S. arsenal will be to increase the likelihood that nuclear weapons and chemical weapons will be used in some future conflict. Of that there can be no doubt. As the Pentagon's rationales for these weapons make clear, the Pentagon wants them precisely *because* they will be easier to use. This is what is meant—again, in the language of the military strategists—by "lowering the threshold."

Carter's decision to begin the production of two weapons that would effectively lower the threshold for nuclear and chemical war exposes him as a man who is willing to bargain humanity for an illusory military advantage. ❑

Controlling wages, not promises

Rhetorical inflation

IN A NATIONALLY TELEVISED SPEECH on October 24, President Carter presented the nation with his third anti-inflation program in two years. Carter's plan, which lays down specific standards for wage and price increases, amounts to little more than an election-eve attempt to mollify an understandably angry citizenry.

According to *Business Week,* the industries to be targeted by the Carter administration include steel, autos, gasoline, sugar and other foods, health care, and transportation. A White House fact sheet says 400 major companies will be regularly supervised; smaller businesses will be checked randomly. The Council on Wage and Price Stability will have to add to the federal payroll at least 100 additional employees to monitor wage and price performance.

Carter intends to enforce his guidelines via government regulatory and procurement policies. He tells us sweetly that the guidelines will be "voluntary." They are about as voluntary as the way the government collects its taxes. Indeed, under the guise of "real wage insurance," the administration proposes to impose relatively higher taxes on workers who do not accept its pay limits. New tax schemes, depressing the market by selling stockpiled goods, regulatory crackdowns, antitrust prosecutions, and threats to withhold contracts to punish "violators" are not what we would call mere exhortation to voluntary compliance.

We've seen wage-price guidelines before and know the temptations they offer to those in power. In 1962 the Kennedy administration dictated prices to the steel companies, and in the process sent FBI agents on pre-dawn raids to the homes of journalists, made political use of the antitrust laws, and engaged in selective tax investigations. What could better illustrate the personal aggrandizement of power that necessarily accompanies guidelines than Ben Bradlee's account of Jack Kennedy waving the personal tax returns of steel company executives while talking about how recalcitrants would be dealt with?

Already, leaders from the Republican Party, labor, and business have criticized the proposals. But one need not go outside the administration to hear questions raised. The director of the Council on Wage and Price Stability, Barry Bosworth, openly admitted five days before Carter's speech that voluntary programs have never before worked in the United States; he raised the specter of a "cruel choice" between "a severe recession or mandatory wage and price controls." In his speech, Carter said he rejects controls as unworkable. So where does the administration stand?

Historically, voluntary wage-price guidelines have been simply another step down the road to complete controls. Indeed, some polls indicate that a majority of the American people want mandatory controls, to stop inflation. Carter, as he indicated in his speech, knows such controls won't really work. How can he claim that "voluntary" restraints would be any better? His program is no more than a politically inspired pandering to the confusion of the people—confusion produced largely by government attempts to shift the blame for inflation from its own overspending and money-supply mismanagement, onto greedy Arabs, farmers, workers, and other scapegoats.

Less than a week before Carter delivered his speech, the Federal Reserve Board issued a little-noticed report that the nation's money supply, which it controls, grew last month at an annual rate of 12 percent. Moreover, this rate has been accelerating steadily. "This latest jump puts the authorities into an increasingly embarrassing position," says Paine, Webber economist Lawrence Kudlow, "because on the one hand the administration is trying to muster a credible anti-inflation policy, but on the other hand . . . [its] anti-inflation policy has no credibility as long as the [money supply continues] to rise at this rate."

Federal Reserve Chairman G. William Miller has been one of the chief proponents of the guidelines program within the administration, and in recent testimony before the House Banking Committee, he ruled out tightening up on the money supply and spoke of easy credit in the days ahead. As long as Carter tolerates such policies, he stands open to the charge of never having taken even the first responsible step toward reducing inflation. Like Nixon, he prints money to buy off interest groups, all the while appealing to the American people to sacrifice their economic freedom and well-being in the interest of controlling inflation.

But perhaps there is still hope for a sensible anti-inflation policy. In August, Representative Parren J. Mitchell (D.-Md.), chairman of a House subcommittee on domestic monetary policy and head of the congressional Black Caucus, called for a sizable cutback in the growth of the money supply. If Congress and the American people come to agree with Mitchell that "the principal fuel on which inflation feeds is money," we could halt inflation and stop the administration from imposing further controls. ❑

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THOMAS SZASZ

Bourne's Quaalude Caper

AS WE HAVE SEEN, DR. PETER Bourne, Carter's deposed chief drug-prohibition agent, is a man of many faces: adviser to the Green Berets and antiwar activist; supporter of national health insurance and defender of traditional medical confidentiality; drug abuseologist and drug abuser [*INQUIRY, Oct. 30, 1978*]. Such behavior can be called by many names: dishonesty, hypocrisy, opportunism, two-facedness, working both sides of the street. Whatever it might be called, this aspect of Bourne's personality—dramatized by his conduct with respect to marijuana—helps to dispel much of the mystery surrounding the events that precipitated his downfall.

Bourne rose to prominence as a personal friend of, and political adviser to, Jimmy Carter, and as a drug-prohibition agent—that is, as a psychiatrist condemning illegal drugs and their users. In this latter role, Bourne supported the American program of spraying Mexican marijuana with paraquat, rendering it toxic for human consumption.

The paraquat program, initiated in 1975, consists of spraying Mexican marijuana and poppy fields with a toxic herbicide. The idea behind this program was that it would reduce the flow of marijuana and heroin across the border. "It did," according to a report in the *Los Angeles Times*, "but there is also evidence that some marijuana contaminated with chemicals has been reaching the United States." Bourne was then quoted as having commented: "It is true we provided them with helicopters and trained pilots, but it was their decision to use herbicides and spray." That sounds quite a bit like Adolf Eichmann saying that he supplied only the railroads for transporting Jews to the death camps. Then, as if two immoral excuses were better than one, Bourne added: "We are very happy they are doing it, because the program has been dramatically successful in reducing the flow of heroin into the United States. But the paraquat does not come from us. The Mexican government buys it in Europe. It is a Mexican program, not a U.S. program."

According to an article in *The Nation*, Bourne's claim that the paraquat spraying was a Mexican idea is simply not true. "It took a lot of convincing to get Mexico to agree to spray," wrote Leslie Danoff. "In the fall of 1969, the United States first offered Mexico herbicides and airborne sensors like those used in Vietnam . . . But the Mexicans turned down the spraying plan in October. . . . Six years later, U.S. negotiators made their breakthrough when Mexico finally agreed to give up its ineffectual field burnings."

After endorsing the policy of toxifying marijuana with paraquat, Bourne denied that paraquat-sprayed marijuana was dangerous. Confronted with the fact that 6 out of 45 samples of marijuana confiscated by the DEA in November 1977 and analyzed by the National Institute on Drug Abuse were found to be "tainted with paraquat," Bourne remained unperturbed. "The risk from paraquat," he declared, "may be overblown." That is quite a twist. The risk from barbiturates (sedatives of proven safety and anticonvulsants indispensable for some epileptics) is not overblown—but the risk from paraquat (the sole use of which is as a toxic herbicide) is overblown. Bourne's hypocrisy in relation to marijuana and paraquat seems to have been boundless. According to the *New Republic*, "Bourne was adamant in his refusal to sympathize with people who might suffer permanent lung damage by smoking Mexican marijuana laced with paraquat. 'If the risk exists the guy still has the option

THOMAS SZASZ, a contributing editor, writes a monthly column for INQUIRY. His most recent book is The Myth of Psychotherapy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not to smoke the grass to begin with.'"

While Bourne's very office symbolized opposition to the use of marijuana, and while he shamelessly fronted for paraquat, one of his best friends was Keith Stroup, head of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), a registered Washington lobby for promoting the decriminalization of marijuana. In December 1977 Bourne was the keynote speaker at the annual meeting of NORML. He also accepted an invitation to a large party given by NORML; it was at that party that he was allegedly seen, by several reporters, to be smoking marijuana and sniffing cocaine.

The 1977 annual meeting of NORML was a fateful occasion for Peter Bourne in more than one way. At that conference, Aaron Kaye, a man characterized by *New Times* magazine as a "Yippie pie-assassin," threw a lemon meringue pie at Joe Nellis, chief counsel of the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control. Accused of having masterminded the pie plot, Stroup admitted that the "meringuicide" was his idea.

On February 3, 1978, Bob Angarola, White House general counsel to the Office of Drug Abuse Policy, wrote an angry letter on White House stationery to Stroup, protesting the pie-throwing incident. News of this reprimand leaked and made Stroup angry. He called Bourne, demanding "an apology." To stress to Bourne that the Angarola matter was of "mutual concern," Stroup, according to *New Times*, told "Bourne aides to pass on to their boss . . . that he [Stroup] might know too much about the recreational drug preferences of certain senior White House aides." The threat of blackmail worked: On February 11, 1978, Bourne wrote Stroup telling him of "the very high personal regard in which I hold you."

In the end, it was not so much writing a fake prescription that led to Bourne's resignation as the suddenly increasing tempo of public disclosure about his alleged drug habits. After the Quaalude caper hit the headlines, Bourne took a leave of absence with pay and vowed to vindicate himself. Even on July 20, less than two hours before his resignation, Bourne told *Washington Star* columnist Mary McGrory "that he had no intention whatever of quitting and that he was determined to prove his innocence of any wrongdoing." Then Bourne was told that Jack Anderson, the syndicated columnist, had announced on the ABC morning news that Bourne used cocaine at a party given in Washington by NORML in December 1977. Bourne denied the cocaine charge, but quickly resigned. The sequence of events suggests that, up to the last minute, Bourne was planning to brazen it out; and that the reports about Bourne's drug-related activities made public thus far have probably barely scratched the surface.

When last heard from, Bourne was still at it. Although only a few weeks earlier he had said there was a "high incidence of marijuana use" among members of the White House staff, in an interview with the Associated Press on September 20, 1978, he declared that "I have no acquaintance of anyone in the White House using drugs." Clearly, Bourne seems to have considerable difficulty distinguishing between truth and fiction.

Bourne's behavior with regard to marijuana is significant not only for what it reveals about Bourne himself but also for what it reveals about the requirements for success as an American psychopolitician today. A generation ago, one had to lie about civil commitment—insisting that by depriving a person of his personal liberty, the psychiatrist was curing him of mental illness. Now one has to lie about psychoactive drugs—insisting that by depriving the whole American people of their liberty to take certain drugs, the psychiatrist is curing the nation of the collective illness of drug abuse.

OSTENSIBLY, AGENCIES OF the United States government concerned with drug abuse are entrusted with safeguarding our health; actually, they lie to us about the true pharmacological effects of certain ideologically contaminated drugs, and they poison certain prohibited substances officially deemed dangerous to discourage their use. Marijuana, say the drug prohibitionists, is a poisonous weed; why then make it more poisonous by spraying it with toxic chemicals? Heroin, even the drug prohibitionists admit, is an excellent pain-killer, especially for people dying of cancer; why then outlaw its use, even by prescription? Illicit drugs are prohibited, claim the drug abuseologists, because they are dangerous and addictive; why then do White House staff members use them? One could go on and on.

President and Mrs. Carter's unquestioning support of drug prohibition, like its support by their predecessors, is bad enough. Their support of Bourne and their response to the Bourne affair is worse. It incriminates them as agents in what can only be called an attempt to cover up Bourne's apparent violations of law and those of other White House staff members. Consider the following:

- On July 20, 1978, at a news conference held only hours after Bourne's resignation, Carter was asked about the paraquat spraying of Mexican marijuana. He made it clear that he supported the idea of making marijuana poisonous: "My understanding is that American money is not used to purchase paraquat . . . My preference is that marijuana not be grown nor smoked."
- Another questioner persisted, pointing out that $14 million a year is being channeled into supporting the paraquat spraying in Mexico. Replied Carter: "I favor this relationship with Mexico . . . Because of the work of Dr. Bourne and the officials of the DEA . . . we've mounted a very successful campaign . . . I favor this program very strongly."
- When asked directly about the Bourne affair, Carter replied: "I would prefer not to answer that question." This answer was seized upon by William Safire to castigate his colleagues in the media for not pressing the President harder on this issue. Bourne, asserted Safire, "will neither be missed nor prosecuted—there will be no 'Pillgate.' This 'unfortunate occurrence' is significant mainly in what it reveals of the Magnolia Mafia when confronted with an arrest for lawbreaking in its midst."
- On July 24, at a luncheon meeting with editors and reporters for the *New York Times*, Mrs. Carter declared: "There's not a drug problem at the White House, and everybody knows that. If there was, it would have been exposed long before now." That assertion by Rosalynn Carter and Peter Bourne's parting shot charging that White House staffers "often smoke marijuana" and "sometimes use cocaine" are incompatible. One person or the other is either mistaken or lying.
- The most revealing and self-incriminating of Carter's reactions to the Bourne affair was his warning to White House employees, issued on July 24, to obey the drug laws "or to seek employment elsewhere." That

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

warning, repeated verbatim twice, is astonishingly obtuse and extremely offensive to anyone with a sense of fair play. I will remark on it at greater length.

Most violations of the drug laws are felonies; that is, they are considered to be serious crimes punishable—and, as everyone knows, often punished—by long prison sentences. Suppose, then, that a presidential assistant claimed, and that there was evidence for suspecting, that White House staff members spent their weekends embezzling public funds or burglarizing gas stations. Would it be an adequate and proper response for the President to ignore charges and suspicions of such crimes and to issue a warning that those on his staff who commit them in the future will have to "seek employment elsewhere?"

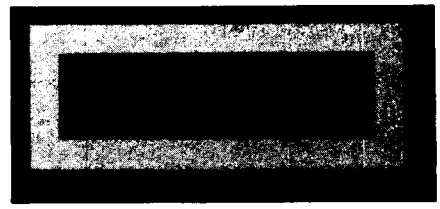
*THE ACCUMULATED EVI*dence of Carter's reactions to the Bourne affair, and especially his warning to future drug-law violators in the White House, reveals Carter's utter blindness to the fundamental principle of individual liberty under the rule of law upon which the very republic of which he is President rests. Like Bourne, Carter displays the character of an oriental despot masquerading as an American populist. Bourne and Carter know that many Americans are in jail for doing no more than what Bourne allegedly had done and what Bourne insists that other White House staffers have done and are doing. They also know that the American taxpayer has been bilked of billions of dollars to wage a holy war against "drug abuse." But do these men respect their own drug laws? Do they grasp the immense practical and symbolic significance of such laws for the hearts and minds and behavior of ordinary Americans? Not at all. Bourne's behavior in effect screams this message: "I make drug laws, and I break drug laws. You peasants obey them." Carter's behavior, in turn, announces: "I promote drug laws in the abstract, and I have them enforced against people I don't know. But my friends at the White House—well, they are in a different class. If they break the law [and get caught], then I ask them to get a job elsewhere."

Bourne's high jinks with drugs and deceptions seem not to have bestirred most of our lawmakers. However, at least one, Congressman Robert H. Michel of Illinois, has called for an investigation. "If Bourne knows who has been breaking the law in the White House," said Michel in a speech before the House of Representatives on September 7, 1978, "he has a moral and legal obligation to say who it is. If he does not know, he should be exposed as one who recklessly smeared the reputation of high-level officials and former associates. President Carter has neither asked Bourne to provide evidence of his charges nor demanded that he apologize."

Congressman Michel's remarks about Bourne having "smeared" his former associates are well taken and yet they are bitterly ironic. I say that because the United States Congress has itself long been a party to the systematic smearing of such perfectly good and useful drugs as marijuana, cocaine, and heroin by labeling them "dangerous" and "without medical uses." That classification is political, not pharmacological. For decades, congressmen and senators have been deliberately uninterested in the truth about drugs. Why should they now be any more interested in the truth or falsehood of declarations delivered by a doctor whose very office symbolized, and continues to symbolize, America's institutionalized political mendacities about drugs?

There was a time when a surgeon who left a sponge in his patient's abdomen could not be sued successfully for the simple reason that, to win such a malpractice suit, it was necessary for another surgeon to testify against his colleague. And no surgeon would do that. So the courts began to apply in such cases the doctrine of *res ipsa loquitur* ("the thing speaks for itself"). I submit that Bourne's behavior and the Carters' behavior also speak for themselves.

The Romans, of course, understood all this. They had a proverb that declared: *"Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi"* ("What is permitted to Jove, is not permitted to a cow"). Psychiatrists have also understood that this principle governed the making of psychiatric diagnoses and the enforcement of mental health laws, though they were usually willing to admit it only at cocktail parties. The psychiatric presidency—under Jimmy Carter, Rosalynn Carter, and Peter Bourne—is teaching the American people that the same principle applies to their beloved drug laws as well. Let us hope the students are paying attention. ❑



DOYLE MCMANUS

Proxy war in Lebanon

ONCE AGAIN, JUST AS IN the terrible time of the civil war, Beirut is cringing through days and nights of artillery fire. And from the simple images chopped by network editors and fed to home television screens, it might just as well be the same old civil war, with modern field guns lobbing armor-piercing shells into flimsy apartment buildings.

We have seen it all before: snipers casually fire bursts from automatic rifles, gunners launch rockets at random, the inhabitants pack their bags and flee one more time. The fighting ebbs and flows, apparently by chance, and tallies of the dead and wounded—all exaggerated—fluctuate accordingly. Israeli fighters flash overhead, Israeli gunboats shell a beach, and there is a brief excitement of novelty and speculation. Then the fighting resumes as before.

Much of the combat has even centered on the same battered prizes of the civil war: the front-line southern suburb of Ain al-Rummaneh, again almost a ghost town, and the Karantina Bridge, scene of one of the most cold-blooded sectarian slaughters of 1975–1976.

But the appearances—the television images—may be deceiving. For the endless battles of Beirut, now between Lebanese Christian rightists and Syrian "peacekeepers," are no longer merely a struggle for the destiny of Lebanon. They are the center of a proxy war between Syria and Israel, a war for control of Israel's northern and eastern borders—the borders unsecured by the Camp David agreements with Egypt. And so far, they appear to

DOYLE MCMANUS, a reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*, covered the civil war in Lebanon for United Press International.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be yielding an important victory for Israel.

For poor Lebanon, a country the size of Connecticut that once was home to some three million people—including most of the dissidents and exiles of the Arab world—the situation is far more dangerous and even more tragic than before. At least the civil war of 1975, when it began, was primarily a conflict among Lebanese over the nature of their state. Now that state is virtually gone, utterly without power, and the Lebanese—even those, like the Israeli-backed rightist militias, who are participating in the current hostilities—are merely pawns in a wider conflict.

"We can see no solution except if God sends one," Pierre Gemayel, the canny, pragmatic—and normally optimistic—septuagenarian politician who leads the rightist Christian Phalange Party, said recently. "It is as if we were fighting nature itself, and finding ourselves in progressively more difficult situations as we go on."

Other Lebanese factional chieftains have offered little better. Elias Sarkis, the moderate Christian president who is respected by all sides but actively supported by none, has been able to do little more than warn frequently of doom, make periodic threats to resign, and shuttle to Damascus—where, along with Jerusalem and Washington, the decisions that will determine Lebanon's future are made.

THE ORIGINS OF THE present upheaval, of course, lie in the earlier civil war. That was a brush-fire conflict among Lebanon's bitterly opposed factions that burst out of control, largely because a weak, corrupt, and partisan central government had gradually lost all legitimacy in the eyes of its people. "Nature abhors a vacuum," an American diplomat in Beirut observed, "and Lebanon has been a political vacuum for years."

But the civil war, although it wrecked the country's economy and took at least 30,000 lives (an awesome number in a nation of just 3 million), was a failure.

It failed to install a national government with legitimacy, even the rude legitimacy of force. It failed to solve the old Lebanese puzzle of how to balance power among the Maronite Catholics (for whom France, in its colonial days, created independent Lebanon as a refuge), the other Christian sects, and the Moslems—who are the most numerous and the most committed to Arab nationalism. It failed to resolve the status of the 400,000 Palestinians, from armed guerrillas to bourgeois professionals and entrepreneurs, who live within Lebanon's borders. It even failed to restore peace.

Now Lebanon has a new war. The old questions of secularism and Moslem-Christian power-sharing are no longer even discussed. Sarkis's plan for a round-table conference of all the country's factions has been quietly shelved.

Much of the rhetoric may still be reminiscent of the old war: rightist warlords still appeal vainly to a West they remember fondly from colonial days, to save them from certain massacre; and Syria and Israel still exchange elaborate diplomatic dares while vowing devotion to the elusive unity and independence of Lebanon.

But if anything, this new war is at least clearer and simpler than the old one. No more Byzantine squabbling among the semi-feudal bosses of tiny, constantly splintering militias; this is the real thing, a grand geopolitical wrestle between the two remaining antagonists of the Arab-Israeli wars.

FIRST, SYRIA. WHEN Hafez Assad's 30,000 troops rolled slowly into Lebanon in 1976, it appeared to be a strategic masterstroke; with the blessings of the United States, Saudi Arabia, and the Arab League, Syria became Beirut's ruling power, increased its army's access to Israel's northern border, and established itself as master of Israel's most intransigent enemy—the Palestine Liberation Organization. Two years later, that victory has been stolen away. Syria still holds most of the PLO in check, but Israel's March invasion of south Lebanon has eliminated the Palestinians' military value. Syrian troops still police most of Lebanon, but that mission has proved costly.

Syria's policy in Lebanon has often been called enigmatic and full of sudden turns and switches in allegiance. After all, Damascus first weighed into

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The rockets and artillery shells explode in Beirut, but the war prizes, if any, will go to Damascus and Jerusalem.

the Lebanese civil war on the side of its "natural" allies, the Palestinians and Lebanese leftists; then sent in its troops to bolster their opponents, the rightists; then tried to disarm both sides; and now finds itself fighting the same rightists it once stepped in to defend.

The paradox is only apparent. The Syrians have, quite simply, followed those courses that appeared likely to increase their influence on Lebanon. That meant intervening to prevent, in turn, a quick rightist victory in 1975 and a Palestinian-leftist victory in 1976—intervening to keep each side weaker than the Syrian army.

If Syria could both control Lebanon and bring the major guerrilla groups in the PLO to heel, Assad would be halfway to his frequently proclaimed ideal of a "common front" against Israel. A limited federation between Syria and Jordan would make that front complete, with all of Israel's northern and eastern neighbors united under a single banner. The center of this alliance, of course, would be the union's most powerful member—Damascus.

The idea was openly broached by Syrian officials long before Egyptian President Anwar Sadat broke Arab ranks by negotiating on his own at Jerusalem and Camp David. Since Camp David, it must appear to Syria as its only alternative.

Assad may have historical and psychological motives as well; Syrians are fond of pointing out that Lebanon, Jordan, and Palestine were all merely parts of Greater Syria under Turkish rule, and were severed from Damascus only at the end of World War I. Syria has never recognized Lebanon's independence to the extent of establishing an embassy in Beirut.

But Lebanon has proven a thorny prize. The Christian rightist factions, whose militia units are often well equipped and led by regular Lebanese army officers, have refused to allow Syria's "peacekeeping" troops into the neighborhoods they control in east Beirut. In recent months, they have stepped up their demands for total Syrian withdrawal and their threats of forming an independent, pro-Israeli state.

In southern Lebanon, of course, Syria has gained no strategic ground; instead, Israel has succeeded in realizing a long-standing plan to create a buffer zone using Lebanese territory. The Israeli-supplied rightist militiamen who now hold the southern border villages have closed the area to Palestinian guerrillas, Syrian and other Arab troops, UN forces, and even to the hapless, single deployed unit of the tiny new Lebanese army.

ISRAEL'S INTERESTS HAVE been clear. Primarily, it aimed for setting up a buffer zone, free of the Palestinians who once launched both terrorist and conventional military operations across the Lebanese border. Initially, during the civil war, Israel tried to neutralize the area by supplying the Christian militias with weapons and supporting them with artillery and occasional search-and-destroy forays, but Palestinian guerrilla units stubbornly hung on to positions around the town of Bint Jbail—in the very center of the frontier—for months. On March 11, a Palestinian raid on the Israeli coast north of Tel Aviv provided the Jerusalem government with the opportunity both to retaliate and to achieve a strategic aim at the same time. "This is not a reprisal operation in the usual sense," Defense Minister Ezer Weizman said after Israeli forces invaded Lebanon on March 15. "The operation comes—and I believe it will be successful—to destroy and uproot, as far as possible, terrorist concentrations in southern Lebanon . . . We don't see this as one operation, but as a continued preventive action on our northern border."

But Israel's cooperation with Lebanon's Maronite rightists extends far beyond the frontier zone. During the civil war, Camille Chamoun, a former president of Lebanon and leader of the militant rightist National Liberal Party, was widely reported to have met secretly with Israel's then–Defense Minister Shimon Peres—according to some accounts, in an Israeli submarine off Beirut. By the end of the war, Israel was supplying both arms and training to rightist militia units. In the most recent fighting in Beirut, Israeli leaders loudly and repeatedly accused Syria of attempting a "massacre" of Lebanon's Christian population, warned that Israel might intervene in the conflict, and dramatized their interest with overflights by air force jets and a naval attack on two small harbors south of the capital. The fact that the Syrian army's offensive against the rightist militias was manifestly not a massacre, but a limited campaign for control of the streets, only demonstrated how close was Israel's political alliance with Chamoun, Gemayel, and the other rightist chieftains.

In Beirut, then, Israel has at least two aims: to keep Syria's 30,000-man peacekeeping force busy in central Lebanon, and thus unavailable for action in the south or on the Golan Heights; and to keep the Palestinian guerrillas as weak as possible. Both aims are served by supporting the Christian rightists.

Would Israel support a move by Maronite extremists to secede from Lebanon and form a rump state in the mountains north and east of Beirut? Probably not. Such an overt move toward partition would be unpopular in Washington—and more important, would leave the field clear for Syria to annex the rest of the country, including the largely Moslem region just north of the newly established buffer zone.

And besides, rightist militants have never relinquished their claim nor their dreams of hegemony over all of Lebanon, Christian and Moslem areas alike. For in the eyes of Gemayel's Phalange and Chamoun's Liberals the essence of Lebanon is still pro-Western, business-dominated, Francophile, and Christian—and Lebanese Moslems should recognize their good luck in having been born there. "All we wanted was a return to the old, free Lebanon," Gemayel said plaintively in a recent interview. More bluntly, according to Dory Chamoun, secretary general of his father's National Liberal Party, "We want a state based on Christian democracy"—as opposed to the various forms of "Islamic" rule in the rest of the Arab world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR ALL THAT, LEBANON'S internal problems have never stemmed solely from religious rivalry. The conflict is also economic (the Maronites and other Christian sects have long predominated in industry and commerce, while the poor Shia Moslems of the south were the nation's fishermen and peasants); ethnic (many Maronites consider themselves, erroneously, as descendants of the ancient Phoenicians, or at least of the Crusaders—anything but "Arab"); national (the Maronites, seeing themselves as non-Arabs, abhor pan-Arabism, while many Lebanese Moslems subscribe to it as a creed); political (the unwritten "National Covenant" reserves the most powerful posts for Maronites, despite their number—only half of the Christian population, and less than one-fourth of the entire nation); and even feudal (many local clans have made war on each other for centuries, but over territorial and economic issues as much as sectarian ones).

None of that lessens the hatred and mistrust that many Christian rightists hold for the Moslem leftists and their Palestinian allies (whom the rightists consider as the real villains of the piece, often arguing the fantastic line that without the intervention of Palestinian foreigners, there would have been no Moslem-Christian conflict at all).

And so, if only as insurance, the ruling Christian parties made one of their strategic objectives in the civil war the "clearing-out" of a single, contiguous area that would be homogeneous in population and under Christian control. Once this was achieved, they moved immediately to assume police powers, levy taxes, and install a de facto administration. As early as July 1976, a Phalangist officer told me as he proudly conducted a tour of the Christian zone: "We are rebuilding the economy, revitalizing industry and agriculture . . . Free [i.e., rightist] Lebanon will be as different from the other side as West Germany is from East Germany."

At that point—when the Syrian army was helping the rightist militias win their victories—an alliance with Syria was politic. But it did not last long. In November 1976, after Syrian troops occupied Beirut, the militias refused to surrender their arms, blocked the Syrians' entry into the old Christian quarter of Ashrafiyeh, and began looking for better allies. "The Syrians are on our side today," Beshir Gemayel, Pierre's son and lieutenant, said. "We don't know whose side they will be on tomorrow."

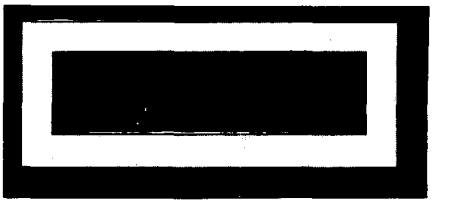
Opposition to the unpopular Syrians also became a weapon in the perennial skirmishing between Chamoun and Gemayel for the allegiance of the Christian community. Chamoun saw the profit in a compact with Israel earlier, and seems to have provoked quarrels with Damascus in order to appear the more stalwart defender of Lebanese Christian nationalism. He has recently vowed not to rest until the last Syrian soldier is off Lebanese soil—an unrealistic, but effective, battlecry.

In the absence of armed, defiant rightists working in league with Israel, Lebanon would be a valuable mandate for Syria; because of them, in Beshir Gemayel's words, it is "quicksand." Small wonder that the Syrians have tried, with increasing force, to crush the Christian parties' military power. The Syrians have several times heard Israeli warnings and held their fire, but they can be expected to try again.

What of the other side in the "old" civil war, the Lebanese leftists and the Palestinians? In their zone of west Beirut, the "losers" of that civil war speak with grim satisfaction of the Syrian assault on Ashrafiyeh as "the Christians' Tal al-Zaatar," a reference to the Palestinian camp the rightists overran in 1976. The Palestinians, preoccupied with their fears of a sell-out on the West Bank at the hands of Anwar Sadat, are content to accept Syrian leadership. The Lebanese leftists, always fragmented and undisciplined, have been leaderless since the assassination of Kamal Jumblatt in 1977. This is not their war.

But then, it is not any Lebanese faction's war. Chamoun and Gemayel fight to block Syrian hegemony, but at the price of dependence on Israeli protection. The rockets and artillery shells explode in Beirut, but the prizes—if any—will go to Damascus and Jerusalem.

The oldest, hoariest rule of Lebanese politics has been the principle of balance: No victor, no vanquished. The civil war disposed of that rule, perhaps forever, for instead of resolving the issues among Lebanese, even briefly, it made their tiny country a battleground for proxy war by others. This time, there is a vanquished: it is the Lebanese people. ❑



JOHN L. HESS

Another look at the Farber affair

FOR SEVERAL YEARS NOW, both Civil Rightists and conscious foes of the media have been expressing concern about an alleged conflict between the First Amendment and other pillars of our liberties. Curiously, none seem to ask why it is now that this question comes to the fore.

There is, I think, no great mystery here. The civil rights struggle, the Bay of Pigs, the upheaval of the sixties, the assassinations, Vietnam, the revelation of corruption and lawbreaking at the highest levels of government and business—all of these have shattered the myths by which we live, and have spread fear among those attached to the status quo.

Inevitably, the media as bearers of these grim tidings became targets for backlash. And it was not only the Spiro Agnews who cracked the whip. Rueful intellectuals who flirted with the revolution of 1968 now welcome any occasion to renew their attachment to the old verities. When Garry Wills, who was born again with Jimmy Carter, tore into Daniel Schorr in the *New York Review of Books,* he was rejoining that throng that has had enough of exposures of the CIA and wants to get on with the serious exercise of American power.

Note that I have not mentioned the menace of investigative reporting, which has become the central focus of this unease. That is because I consider the concern to be paranoid. There has never, even in the golden age of muckraking early in the century, been much investigative reporting around.

Witness the year of Watergate, when

JOHN L. HESS is a reporter for the New York Times. *He is the author, with Karen Hess, of* The Taste of America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no more than a handful of reporters addressed themselves to the monstrous scandals that rose to the surface; more attention was paid to the hassles in the McGovern camp. As a result of the well-earned stardom of Woodward and Bernstein, there has indeed been a quickening of interest in this neglected branch of the art, but not one in a hundred reporters actually practices it.

The common view of the press as hungry for scandal is a myth. The current General Services Administration revelations provide a fair test. Under the noses of the Washington press corps and in government offices around the country, general corruption had been festering for years. Whistle blowers within the agency had been disciplined and transferred. Not a line in the press.

But the press that merely reports the GSA prosecutions will suffer the resentment of citizens who cannot face the fact that ours is a corrupt society. Even after the Securities and Exchange Commission has tabulated the criminal conduct of hundreds of leading corporations, editorials still call bribery a foreign phenomenon.

THE FEARS OF THE PETIT bourgeoisie have infected the left. As early as 1975, such liberals as Renata Adler and Garry Wills in the *New York Review* and Nat Hentoff and Phil Tracy in the *Village Voice* were joining the right in sounding the alarm against the perils of investigative journalism. The buzzwords here are, "A man is innocent until proven guilty." Along with "Justice is blind," the phrase is one of the pillars of our liberty. The court is supposed to know nothing of the case brought before it, must judge the evidence on its merits, and may not punish a defendant unless his guilt has been proven beyond a reasonable doubt.

In the lay world, this phrase is of course an absurdity. Worse, it is used to stifle inquiry and exposure. Whenever a politician or a corporate executive is indicted—an event far more rare than the public hygiene would require—his cohorts chant, "Innocent until proven guilty."

But the public is not a court. It does not have the right to take a man's liberty or property, nor is it subject to the same restrictions; the statute of limitations binds the courts, not public opinion. The public need not always wait on the courts to consider the evidence available to it. Courts sometimes convict innocent persons, and more often, as in the case of Nixon, fail even to try those who have committed illegal acts. (The fairly common appreciation that the courts sometimes err may, to a slight degree, justify the *New York Review*'s devoting so much space to a curious effort to prove that Alger Hiss, who was found guilty and punished, was guilty after all.)

What is most dismaying about the attack on investigative reporters by other journalists and Civil Rightists is that it accompanies an unprecedented general assault on the press by the judiciary. Reporters are threatened with jail, and are at the same time accused of seeking special privilege. They are called arrogant. Yet consider these *diktats* from the bench:

The highest court in the land has ruled that a man may be jailed for defying a blatantly illegal order by the lowest court in the land. It has held that any judge may give the police a warrant to search a newsroom without a hearing, in the hope that useful evidence may be found. It has found that in the absence of a "shield law," a reporter must testify about matters told him under a pledge of secrecy. In the presence of a shield law (new precedent in the Farber case), he must still testify or go to jail.

IT HAS BEEN REMARKED that the Farber case was an accident waiting to happen. Before Farber, action against the press was usually initiated by prosecutors. Be it said for the Civil Rightists that they are reluctant to abet the prosecution, even in those rare cases where the prosecutor is the feeble defender of the people versus a powerful opponent. In Farber, the subpoenas were requested by a physician accused of capital crimes. Here, the Civil Rightists could let themselves go with enthusiasm.

One of the judges involved in this affair, who as a prosecutor had been happy to leak items to New Jersey reporters, fed raw meat to the media-hating lions. He accused Farber of having sold to a book publisher the evidence that he was withholding from the defense, of having lied to his employer, and of trying to sacrifice the doctor "on an altar of greed." Many journalists who should have known better repeated this hokum. Jonathan Kwitny of the *Wall Street Journal* demonstrated, in a carefully researched article, that it was utterly false.

It was also beside the point. The motives of a journalist are not at issue; indeed, it may be said that the First Amendment has meaning only insofar as it protects shocking utterances. The more thoughtful Civil Rightists took a different tack.

Among the first to opine publicly that Farber should let the judge look at his notes were Bob Woodward and Anthony Lewis. Now, the republic is surely in Woodward's debt on Watergate, but we may perhaps question the judgment of a man who says he voted for Nixon and would now betray Deep Throat to a judge if properly asked. Lewis is a more worrisome case. "Some in the press have said loosely that a judge is just another arm of the state, to be resisted," he wrote in the *New York Times*, "but that is the opposite of the truth in this country. Our courts are independent enough to stand up to a President. It would be a grave mistake for the press, if it has a fair hearing, to put itself above the law."

It must have been a comfort to Farber, then in a cell in Hackensack, to reflect that the courts are not an arm of the state. He may have wondered, though, why Attorney General Griffin Bell, who had also defied a court order to name government informants who had been engaged in illegal activities, was not also in jail.

Lewis postulates what might be called the immaculate conception of the judiciary. This view seems to be shared by Professor Ronald Dworkin, who in his brief against Farber in the *New York Review* assumed that the law was whatever a confused majority of the Supreme Court said it was. This view is not shared by Nat Hentoff, who although tirelessly anti-Farber, has described the Jersey judges as yo-yos and has called Justice Byron White, the sole Kennedy appointee to the Supreme Court, the worst enemy of the press on a bench that also includes four Nixon choices [*INQUIRY, Oct. 16, 1978*].

THE ONLY ISSUE IN Farber that is worth serious attention is whether the First Amendment is in conflict with due process. Vermont Royster in the *Wall Street Journal* and Hentoff in the *Village Voice,* among others, have raised the specter of an innocent man going to prison because a reporter has refused to yield his notes.

Alone among the Civil Rightists, as far as I know, only Aryeh Neier provided the answer. "The right to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speak and associate anonymously goes to the very heart of the values protected by the First Amendment," he wrote in *The Nation*. "If the government knows the identity of a dissident, it can punish him."

That is indeed the heart of the matter. It is not the privilege of the press that is central to this case, but the right of every citizen to report wrongdoing, in confidence that his identity will not be disclosed. (And of course the right of the public to receive his report.)

But having stated this right, Neier promptly withdrew it. The right of the informant, he said, must yield to the Sixth Amendment, which "guarantees that a defendant in a criminal trial shall have the right 'to be confronted with the witnesses against him.'"

We are back in moot court, with the buzzwords. The phrase in the Sixth Amendment applies to a criminal trial, not to the press reports that may have preceded it. Justice is blind, remember? The court will not hear anonymous witnesses, nor admit press clippings as evidence. The accuser in court is not the reporter but the prosecutor. The prosecution's task is to persuade all 12 jurors beyond a reasonable doubt. The defense may question the accusers to the fullest.

Either side may call any witness who has information bearing on the case, with some exceptions. They may not, for example, require a priest, lawyer, or physician to reveal what has been told him in confidence in his professional capacity. The reason is that everybody has a right to such counseling in secure privacy.

And everybody has the right to denounce wrongdoing in the security of anonymity.

Note that this right is supposed to protect the informant, not his listener. If the professional has himself been a witness to a crime, or has relevant information that was not given him in his professional capacity, then the protection does not apply.

But nobody is challenging this right with regard to secrets told to priests, lawyers, or physicians. In fact, when a judge seized the files of Farber's publishers, he announced that he would avert his eyes from any document that had been written by a lawyer.

What is under challenge, and massively, is the right to spill dirt to a reporter. In real life, it is not the Sixth Amendment but the First that is being threatened by the wave of subpoenas against the press. It has become a handy distraction from the course of justice. In Hackensack, where Farber was jailed, the local daily was fighting subpoenas from four officials who are under indictment for extortion.

They'll all do it now, and they may get away with it, thanks in good part to the confusion of the Civil Rightists.

Neier acknowledged that to deny anonymity to whistle blowers might prevent the punishment of some wrongdoers. So be it, he said. That's the price we pay. Better that a hundred guilty persons go free, and so on. Then he delivered himself of a superbly scholastic dichotomy. There is a difference, he said, between private criminals and those who are public officials. Both have a right to face their accusers. But in the case of official crime, we have a public interest in protecting whistle blowers. So where the prosecution of a public official might require the betrayal of an informant, we should abandon the prosecution. Let the likes of Nixon, Mitchell, and Ehrlichman—those are Neier's examples—go free, and let us be content with the exposure and degradation of such felons and near felons.

The mind boggles. The distinction between the public and the private criminal, between the giver of a bribe and the receiver, between the informant who blows the whistle on a corporate executive and the one who blows the whistle on an officeholder, is a difference that would occur only to an academic Civil Rightist. As to how much exposure of powerful criminals there will be when informants are threatened with exposure and reporters are threatened with jail—well, we shall see.

For another example of the scholastic dichotomy, I turn to Professor Dworkin's brief against Farber in the *New York Review*. He says the rest of us have failed to notice "an important distinction" here between principle and policy. The right of the defense to call witnesses is a matter of principle; the right of anonymity of the whistle blower is only a matter of policy.

I confess that, not being a theologian or even a born-again *New York Reviewer*, I am unable to cope with Professor Dworkin's turgid belief. I know it bodes no good for our civil liberties when a civil libertarian like Dworkin pontificates such nonsense.

The debate is not, after all, a truly rational one. Farber's critics are responding to fashions and passions that have nothing to do with Farber or the Constitution. But fashions change, and history moves on.

We are losing this round, but it is not the end of investigative journalism. Some potential informants will be scared off; others will take their chances. Many reporters will take to destroying their notes, some will yield to the courts, some will go to jail. The republic will survive. I hope. ❏

Next in

INQUIRY

Our holiday book issue

- *Reviews by Anthony Burgess, Peter Stansky, Noel Perrin, Rose Styron, Murray Rothbard, Diane Divoky*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fascism in BRAZIL

By PENNY LERNOUX

With U.S. support, Brazil's military rulers have turned their country into a repressive corporate state.

"AS BRAZIL GOES," PREdicted Richard Nixon in 1971, "so will go the rest of that Latin American continent." Now, less than a decade after the presidential remark that so vexed nationalistic sensitivities, 11 Latin American governments are marching in the same direction as Brazil. And God help the Latin Americans, as a Brazilian bishop said.

Follow-the-leader is not a new game in Latin America, where the smaller nations have traditionally been influenced by their more powerful neighbors in Argentina and Brazil. Thus, fascism was fashionable in half-a-dozen countries in the thirties and early forties; populism during the late forties; dictatorship in the fifties; and democracy in the sixties. But there were always exceptions. Uruguay and Chile provided safe havens for exiles from military regimes in the 1950s; Paraguay's dictator, General Alfredo Stroessner, was the odd-man-out during the swing to democracy in the 1960s. The difference today — and what makes Nixon's prediction so chillingly accurate — is that there are almost no exceptions. Only two South American nations, Colombia and Venezuela, can still claim formal democracies, and Colombia lives under a permanent state of siege.

Nor is the current confluence a passing fad. In contrast to the classic Latin American dictatorship with its charismatic *caudillo,* power in these modern military states derives not from an individual but from the institution of the armed forces. Thus, the death or retirement of a general or admiral has little effect on the institution itself. Government responsibilities may be shifted and a new head of state appointed, but the system of repression remains unchanged. Because of their longer staying power, it is not implausible that these regimes will fulfill their own prophecy to remain in government through the end of the century.

Thanks to the Brazilian military's training programs and armament factories, neighboring regimes not only have a detailed blueprint for a political model, but also have Brazilian-made tanks, armored carriers, jet fighters, munitions, and other materiel to force the civilian population to accept that model. Or in the words of one Brazilian military police torturer: "Our technology is so advanced that we are exporting the know-how."

There is nothing particularly original about the Brazilian model of government under which two-thirds of Latin America's people now live. Dictatorship by any other name is still dictatorship, though the Brazilians call it "development with security"; the Chileans, "authoritarian democracy"; and the Argentines, "reconstruction with stability." What is new is the technology of computerized repression, including a regional pool of information on political dissidents, sophisticated surveillance systems, and an impressive array of modern armaments. New, too, is the degree of military commitment to guiding economic and social development in these countries.

When divested of its Orwellian trimmings however, the model turns out to be similar to Mussolini's corporate state. Brazil's labor legislation and educational system, for example, have their philosophical and structural roots in Il Duce's Italy. Not that the Brazilians deliberately copied European fascism. As in most Latin American countries, Brazilian society is constructed along rigid class lines with a small, wealthy minority at the top and a mass of impoverished peasants and slum dwellers at the bottom. The classic hangover from a colonial past, this compartmentalized society was well suited to Europe's twentieth-century corporate state, in which people are grouped according to social class and productive function. While all sectors of society theoretically have equal political representation under this system of government, corporativism as it evolved in Latin America essentially means that the military, large landowners, and industrialists have tightened their control over the government and the economy.

A latent force in several of the most important South American countries, Italian fascism has long been attractive to certain military and civilian sectors. Called "integralism" in South America, this creole brand of European fascism made its greatest impact on Argentina, although the Brazilian populist dictator Getulio Vargas (1930–1945, 1951–1954) also flirted with integralism, especially after 1937, when he seized total power and established his "Estado Nôvo" on corporatist lines.

Brazil differs from Argentina in at least one important re-

PENNY LERNOUX, who is a contributing editor of INQUIRY, lives in Bogotà, Colombia, and is a specialist in Latin American affairs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spect. Despite periods of dictatorship, it maintained until 1964 a real tradition of democracy. In Argentina, on the other hand, the single most important feature of political life is military intervention (there have been only four freely elected, relatively democratic governments since the country achieved independence). Because of this tradition of militarism and Peron's lasting influence, authoritarianism never died in Argentina and could be revived with little or no outside prompting, as witness the extreme right-wing regimes of the late seventies. But it is unlikely that dictatorship would have been reborn in Brazil, given its democratic traditions, had it not been for the intervention of the United States.

UNITED STATES INTERVENTION WAS provoked at least in part by the strong growth of economic nationalism in Brazil—reflected in the 1962 expropriation of ITT properties. When a CIA outlay of $20 million to opposition candidates in the 1962 state and congressional elections failed to achieve the desired results, the U.S. embassy began to conspire directly with military leaders to overthrow President João Goulart, although Goulart had been democratically confirmed in office by a four-to-one majority. To support the coup leaders, Washington sent a naval task force to the South Atlantic, including an aircraft carrier, six destroyers, one helicopter carrier, four oil tankers, and 100 tons of arms and ammunition. Dubbed "Operation Brother Sam," the task force is described in documents in the Lyndon B. Johnson Library in Austin, Texas, confirming that, long before Allende in Chile, the United States was actively involved in the overthrow of constitutionally elected governments. As things turned out, U.S. Ambassador Lincoln Gordon was able to call off the operation within hours of the coup, but, public denials to the contrary, both he and the U.S. military attache, General Vernon Walters, participated in the plotting. (Walters later became deputy director of the CIA.)

When the coup was over, the properly grateful Brazilian generals repaid U.S. support by accepting an entire package of U.S. demands, including a generous new profit remittance law, an investment guarantee treaty covering subsidiaries of U.S. companies, and the return of a high-grade iron ore concession to Hanna Mining Co., which the Goulart government had been about to expropriate. So anxious was the military to show its appreciation for foreign intervention and investment that, within two years of Goulart's overthrow, foreign companies had gained control of 50 percent of Brazilian industry—often through the expediency of what the Brazilian finance ministry called "constructive bankruptcy," a combination of fiscal and monetary measures that forced local firms to sell to foreign interests or go bankrupt. Today, 14 of the country's 27 largest companies are in foreign hands; of the remainder, eight are state-owned and only five are private Brazilian firms.

Thanks to the long history of U.S. intervention in Brazilian affairs, Brazil's model of government owes much of its political orientation and military efficiency to the Cold War schools of the Pentagon. Washington not only actively participated in the 1964 coup; it also indoctrinated 80 percent of the officers who carried out the coup. Since then, it has supported the dictatorship with billions of dollars in foreign aid, trained some 100,000 Brazilian policemen and 8448 military officers, and supplied $625.9 million in armaments.

Ironically, Brazil's modern military state had its origins in the Allied invasion of Italy in 1945, when a number of prominent Brazilian officers participating in the campaign were exposed to American military ideas and tactics. General Humberto de A. Castelo Branco, who was to lead the 1964 coup against President João Goulart, returned to Brazil with a lasting admiration for U.S. military methods, as did General Golbery do Couto e Silva, the Brazilian military's intellectual gray eminence. Castelo Branco's roommate in Italy, General Vernon Walters, would also play an important role in the 1964 *putsch*.

Couto e Silva, who served two Brazilian military rulers and at one time was the head of Dow Chemical's Brazilian division, was particularly influential in the formation of Brazil's Advanced War College, popularly known as the "Brazilian Sorbonne," which is responsible for national security studies, the development of military strategy, and a variety of specialized courses for officers and businessmen. Founded in 1949 during the height of the Cold War, the war college incorporated many of the Pentagon's ideas on national security and nation-building, the latter an outgrowth of the U.S. Army's experience in reconstructing postwar Japan.

The college faithfully reflected the teachings of the Pentagon's School of the Americas in the Panama Canal Zone and specialized military institutes in the United States. The principal message of those teachings was (and is) that the military is the "guardian of national security" in the ongoing crusade against communism. Almost all the courses, whether in ballistics or communications, were and are

Uncle Sam trained and armed Brazil's military rulers.

heavily laden with pro-U.S., anticommunist propaganda, which encouraged the Latin Americans to see subversion in anything that seemed counter to U.S. interests. Moreover, as nation-builders and saviors of their nations, only the armed forces could decide what was subversive and what was not. As evolved in Latin America, these ideas led the military to believe that their role was to defend the country's traditions against radical calls for a redistribution of power. It was only a short step from this rationalization to the use of terror and torture to defend the "need for order," and here again the United States provided the necessary training and arms. Among the subjects taught Brazilian officers in U.S. military courses were (according to information supplied to a U.S. Senate committee) the following:

. . . censorship, checkpoint systems, chemical and biological operations, briefings on the CIA, civic guerrilla operations, cryptography, defoliation, dissent in the United States, electronic intelligence, electronic warfare and countermeasures, the use of informants, insurgency, intelligence, counterintelligence, subversion, countersubversion, espionage, counterespionage, interrogation of prisoners and suspects, handling mass rallies and meetings, nuclear weapons effects, intelligence photography, polygraphs,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

populace and resources control, psychological operations, raids and searches, riots, special warfare, surveillance, terror and undercover operations.

An unabashed apologist for U.S. military and economic expansion, General Couto e Silva shaped his ideas on national security around the central premise that, as the "keeper of the beacon for Western civilization," the United States could do no wrong in Latin America. It was therefore Brazil's duty as a "privileged satellite" to protect U.S. interests in Brazil and the rest of South America, for were not Brazil's interests the same as those of the United States in the war to save the Western World from communism? (Put another way, in the terminology of the Nixon administration, Brazil was to serve as regional policeman for the United States.) Explained Couto e Silva: "What imperils us, today as yesterday, is a threat that is leveled, not really against us, but through us against the United States."

Brutal torture of dissidents in Brazil continues unabated.

Couto e Silva dressed up his model of a Brazilian Praetorian Guard with a "geopolitical doctrine" that described "dominant antagonisms" and "living frontiers," the former to explain a world permanently at war between two ideologies, the latter to justify Brazil's acquisition of large tracts of frontier land belonging to Paraguay, Bolivia, and Uruguay, which were to serve as Brazilian subsatellites in the hemisphere defense system. "[Our goal is] to launch a manifest destiny, as long as it does not clash with that of our brothers to the north," he explained. The satellite relationship reflected Couto e Silva's belief in a world dominated by technology, where the stronger nations become stronger and the weak, weaker. A country's survival therefore depended on its relationship with and submission to the dominant power—in Latin America's case, the United States. Domestic policy could not be separated from foreign policy; thus it was in Brazil's interests as a U.S. satellite to protect U.S. foreign investments.

Under this "Doctrine of National Security," as the Brazilian prototype is now called, all individual rights are forfeited to the power of the state, since only it can defend and develop the nation. Civilian politicians having proved inept in government, only the military can run the state and wage the war on international communism. Because all human endeavor is considered an act of war, there can be no neutral acts. Individuals are either enemies or friends, and this is why the state must constantly guard against internal subversion. National security is the first priority of geopolitics. All else, including the populace's standard of living, is secondary.

Not surprisingly, other Latin American regimes have followed Brazil's lead. Although the Brazilians are the chief ideologists of this creole totalitarianism, Chile's General Pinochet also is known for his expertise in the new "science," having been a professor of geopolitics before assuming the presidency. In such regimes, there is usually an all-powerful national security council, composed of the chiefs of the armed forces, which names the president and his cabinet and sets national policy. The council is backed up by a national intelligence network, such as Chile's notorious DINA, which is answerable only to the president.

All independent political parties, labor unions, and student federations are outlawed. Anyone critical of the regime is considered a traitor to the state. Punishment ranges from imprisonment or exile to loss of job or smear campaigns by the government-controlled press. Following Argentina's example, several of the regimes have eliminated the complications of police arrest. "Enemies of the state" are now kidnapped by unofficial "death squads," never to be seen again. Attempts by family or friends to trace the victim are futile, since the police deny all knowledge of his or her whereabouts. (According to diplomatic sources, an average of 30 people daily "disappear" in Argentina; Amnesty International calculates some 2000 Chileans have suffered the same fate since the 1973 coup.)

While there are national variations depending on the historical context of each country, the broad outline of this ideology of power is accepted by the governments of Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Paraguay, Chile, Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador in South America, and El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Guatemala in Central America.

ALTHOUGH SOME OF THESE REGIMES will face serious instability in the years ahead, Brazil's has become almost a fixture of the Latin American scene in the decade and a half since the coup. The likelihood of any significant internal change is remote. At any rate, the Brazilian military foresees no early return to democratic government; already it is discussing the successor to the country's next president, General João Baptista Figueiredo, when his term expires, appropriately, in 1984.

Figueiredo, now the intelligence chief, is considerably less tolerant than the current president, General Ernesto Geisel, who attempted to restore a few political freedoms through a strategy called "decompression." But "decompression" so patently demonstrated the unpopularity of military rule that Geisel abolished most of the concessions his government had earlier made to political freedoms (in the one relatively free election held under this system, the government party took a severe beating from the political opposition). The Brazilian Congress was closed, opposition leaders were stripped of their civil rights, and elections were abolished or so arranged that the opposition would have no chance of winning. Torture continued as usual.

Indicative of the ongoing terror is the recent testimony of political prisoners in the notorious military prisons of Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo. According to their testimony, which was verified by the Brazilian College of Lawyers, Brazil's terror technology has advanced beyond the electric prod and beatings, though these and more primitive methods are still used (one woman prisoner had a broomstick forced up her vagina). Among the newest inventions is a refrigerated cubicle called a *geladeira*, which one prisoner described as a "machine to drive people crazy." Nude prisoners are boxed in the *geladeira* for several days at a time, receiving frequent dousings with icy water. All the time loudspeakers emit deafening sounds. Various forms of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

additional torture are applied, such as "the cross," in which male prisoners are stretched against the wall in the form of a cross, with one torturer kicking the prisoner in the testicles while another pulls out his pubic hair. José Dias Pires reported that during this torture his tormentors told him to console himself because he would die "just like Jesus Christ." The prisoners' reactions are monitored on closed circuit television.

The prisoners said that their torturers boasted of their "modern technology in physical and psychological torture" and that they joked about human rights. The torturers also expressed a desire to "get our hands on" Dom Paulo Evaristo Arns, the cardinal of São Paulo and an outspoken defender of human rights.

While there are relatively few long-serving political prisoners in Brazil today (approximately 200), some 12,000 ex-prisoners live in permanent fear because they have no civil rights and can be picked up by the police at any time. A study by the Brazilian Catholic Church calculates that some 10,000 Brazilians are in exile, 100 of whom are perpetually banned from returning to the country. Several hundred Brazilians have "disappeared," meaning they were kidnapped by military or paramilitary groups; hundreds more live clandestinely for fear of arrest. Nearly 3800 civilians and military officials are permanently banned from exercising their professions. Many Brazilian teachers, for example, have been blacklisted because of their refusal to support a government program called Moral and Civic Education, which indoctrinates children in a Big Brother surveillance system to encourage the young to report any suspected "traitor" to military authorities, including their own parents. Over 1600 political leaders representing 6.3 million voters have been deprived of their political rights. Thousands of peasants have been jailed and persecuted because of their struggle to obtain legal recognition for their land rights (Brazil's bishops estimate that over 7 million Brazilians have been forced off the land since the 1950s). And hundreds of union leaders, students, priests, nuns, journalists, and writers have lost their jobs, been arrested, or suffered police harassment.

THE BRAZILIAN MILITARY HAS DIrected its violence toward the suppression of economic as well as political rights. Following the terms of the "national security doctrine," the regime has undertaken to strengthen national power through forced economic development at the expense of workers and peasants. Strikes are illegal; unions can be disbanded arbitrarily; and labor leaders are subject to arrest. Anyone who questions this situation risks imprisonment, as in the case of an Italian priest and his assistant who were brutally tortured by the São Paulo military police after the discovery of a stencil urging better wages in the priest's house.

Conditions in the countryside are even worse. A recent study of white slavery conducted by the Catholic Church described how thousands of migrant workers were cheated, threatened, and persecuted by the police to force them to labor for practically no wages on the large sugar plantations in the states of São Paulo and Minas Gerais. Most of those interviewed told of a plantation prison patrolled by armed guards. "The ranch manager had a group of Pernambucanos (people from the state of Pernambuco) arrested because they wanted to leave," related one Brazilian peasant. The man said that after he had worked two weeks cutting cane with no pay, he too decided to leave. "But I was luckier than the others. The police didn't catch me."

Thanks to such labor exploitation, there has been little trickle-down from the "Brazilian miracle." Between 1960 and 1970, the richest 1 percent of the population increased its share of the country's wealth from 11.7 to 17.8 percent, while the income of the poorer half of the population fell from 17.7 to 13.7 percent. The life expectancy in Brazil's industrial capital, São Paulo, has declined. A United Nations study reports a 50 percent increase in infant malnutrition, a 20 percent increase in tuberculosis; and a 34 percent increase in infant mortality.

Moreover, the generals' mania for development at any price has produced a number of apparent inconsistencies, including a surprisingly high degree of state intervention in the economy for a government so rhetorically dedicated to private enterprise. According to a study by Mackenzie University of São Paulo, the Brazilian government has increased its share of total investment in industry from 15 percent at the end of World War II to nearly 50 percent today. Since the 1964 coup, 200 state enterprises have been created, bringing the total to 571. More than half the country's 50 largest corporations are controlled by the military; most of the rest are subsidiaries of the multinationals. State companies are in charge of energy, railroads, oil, and mining, and of nuclear, steel, and iron production. The government also is involved in banking, the manufacture of armaments and petrochemicals, and commodity trading, particularly coffee.

Hundreds of labor and peasant leaders have been jailed.

As Brazilian bureaucrats point out, state enterprises are not a uniquely Brazilian phenomenon but a feature of most Latin American economies, whether the government is center-left, as in Venezuela, or rightwing, as in Bolivia. State intervention dates back to the beginning of the century, when the Latin Americans acquired utilities and railroads, mostly from the British. Governments gradually became more involved in their countries' economies in response to the upsurge in nationalism, particularly during the Depression and after World War II, and today they either directly control or have significant influence over public transport, utilities, mining, and oil, as well as important agricultural exports, such as coffee, bananas, and sugar.

What distinguishes Brazilian statism from government intervention in other South American economies is its partnership with the multinationals. In contrast to Colombia or Ecuador, for example, where government investment in infrastructure supports local private enterprise, the chief beneficiaries in Brazil have been the multinationals. The 3400-mile Trans-Amazonian Highway connecting the Peruvian and Venezuelan frontiers with Brazil's Atlantic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coast is but one example of government support of foreign companies' investments in mining, cattle, and timber in the Amazon. (According to a Brazilian congressional study, foreign companies own 50 million acres of Brazil's Amazon territory.) Similarly, government finance institutions for the less developed regions of Brazil, such as SUDENE in the poverty-stricken northeast, favor foreign over local capital.

Ironically, those most opposed to this Brazilian *estatização* are spokesmen for the multinationals, who are always sensitive to any hint of "socialism" abroad. While these critics generally agree that the government should provide the necessary infrastructure for private investment, they are averse to the regime's growing involvement in mining, petroleum, manufacturing, and commodity trading, even though the state has been more than generous to its multinational partners in liberalizing foreign access to oil and mineral rights.

Brazilian businessmen are opposed to *estatização* for an entirely different reason: in the clubby arrangement between government and multinationals, they have been reduced to the role of junior partner. The dismissal in 1977 of Trade and Industry Minister Severo Gomes came as a shock, particularly to the industrial elite in São Paulo, since his departure left Brazilian businessmen without a voice in government. Moreover, they were told that if they did not stop complaining, they could face police intimidation and imprisonment. As Finance Minister Mario Henrique Simonsen bluntly put it in dismissing Brazilian business interests, "They don't have the guns, do they?"

Like other sectors of Brazilian society, Brazilian private enterprise has been eroded by a "technocracy" of civilian

Brazil's economic miracle is a figment of its propaganda.

executives and generals who run the economy and state enterprises. The backbone of this technocracy is the armed forces' Advanced War College, which has graduated an elite of over 3000 civilian and military managers indoctrinated in a right-wing military ideology and the belief that "nothing will stop Brazil from becoming a great power," in the words of the armed forces chief of staff, General Antonio Jorge Correa. Just as the roots of this ideology can be traced to the upsurge of fascism in the 1930s, there is a clear connection between growing military intervention in the economy and the Vargas dictatorship's corporate state that was erected in Brazil under the influence of fascist Italy and Portugal. Spokesmen for the multinationals, who claim to see communism lurking in Brazilian statism, conveniently ignore the fact that state control of the economy is also a major characteristic of fascism.

Apart from political inclinations, Brazil's military and civilian technocrats have good personal reasons for supporting a corporate state. Members of the boards of directors of state enterprises—which are liberally sprinkled with generals—receive basic salaries ranging from $5000 to $10,000 a month, plus fringe benefits as high as $225,000 a year. Among the perks of office extended to second- and even third-ranking officials are unlimited expense accounts, government cars, airplanes, and lakeside vacation chalets. As revealed in a series of exposés by São Paulo's prestigious daily *O Estado de São Paulo,* the lifestyles of Brazilian government officials approach the seignorial habits of the European aristocracy. The labor minister, for example, uses government aircraft to fly special beef from southern Brazil to his frequent barbecue parties; he has 28 servants. The head of the civil service commands a personal fleet of 43 cars. And almost everyone in the top echelons of the regime has a government-paid butler. Corruption in government is widespread, reports the *Wall Street Journal,* thanks to "the enormous growth in the state apparatus" and the "arrogance of power."

WHEN THE PLUSES AND minuses of Brazil's economic record under the military are added up, the balance sheet is not nearly so impressive as the propaganda suggests. Inflation, which was one of former president Goulart's principal failings in the eyes of the military, is galloping back to pre-coup heights, not because of internal demand, say local businessmen, but because of uncontrolled government spending. Nor is it at all clear that the regime's emphasis on exports at the cost of the internal market is the key to long-term development. Quite apart from the obvious criticism that these industries do not absorb the country's huge pool of unskilled labor, Brazilian economists question whether the government is getting its money's worth in heavily subsidizing manufactured exports. Brazilian shoes, for example, cost four times as much in the internal market as they fetch in England. Brazilian-made Volkswagens are 50 percent cheaper in Germany than in Brazil, even though the Brazilian subsidiary equals the production of its German mother. In order to make its products competitive, the Brazilian government has spent millions of dollars subsidizing these exports to reduce their overseas price, further draining the country's resources. Brazil is unlikely to abandon these wasteful export promotion policies as long as it must pay off its staggering $30 billion foreign debt, the largest in the developing world and 10 times the figure under Goulart. More than 40 percent of the money earned from exports goes to service this debt. Yet the government wants to borrow another $50 billion over the next decade to finance its current development plan.

When the underlying weaknesses of this economic "miracle" are exposed, the regime's argument for repression as the only basis for economic development is laid bare. The regime boasts of the 10 percent annual GNP growth rate it sustained during the 1968–1973 period, for example. But these figures were not unique. Under the presidency of Juscelino Kubitschek in the late fifties there was a similar growth rate, and this was achieved within a democratic framework free of repression. Yet the Brazilian military model retains its undeserved mystique—not least among its envious neighbors who in recent years have gone to such lengths to adopt its most repressive features. ❏

This is the first installment of a two-part article. The second, to appear next issue, will explore the influence of the Brazilian model on other South American countries.—EDITORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IS ANYBODY WATCHING THE CIA?

By DAVID WISE

A first-hand examination of the congressional oversight committees raises a disturbing question: Does *oversee* now mean *overlook?*

IF VARIOUS INTELLIGENCE specialists in Washington—at the White House, the CIA, the Pentagon, and on Capitol Hill—are correct, a man named John McMahon has almost nothing to do these days. McMahon is the CIA's Deputy Director for Operations, known around the shop as the DDO.

As such, he is Jimmy Carter's Richard Helms, the man in charge of such matters as overthrowing governments and rigging elections; in former days his responsibilities might have included assassinating Fidel Castro or making his beard fall off. Mr. McMahon is relatively new on the job, having replaced William W. "Wild Willy" Wells, the previous chief of dirty tricks, who was caught up in the Great Purge of the clandestine services that CIA director Stansfield Turner initiated on Halloween, 1977.

Wherever one goes in Washington amid the "intelligence community" (a homey phrase that conjures up visions of neatly trimmed lawns and outdoor barbecues), one hears the same story: the CIA is not doing very much in the way of covert operations these days. Mr. McMahon, a stocky, white-haired man whose name is only whispered in

DAVID WISE is the author of The American Police State *and other books about the intelligence agencies. He is an associate of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, and lectures in political science at the University of California, Santa Barbara.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington, can of course occupy his time with other pursuits; he is also the official in charge of CIA spying.

But exploding cigars, poison pills, amphibious invasions, that sort of thing, the covert operators insist, just isn't going on—very much. And the reason, the intelligence types confide in the next breath, is not merely the bad publicity generated by the Church committee and by all the disclosures in the press. The real reason, they say, is the laws and rules requiring the CIA to report any secret operations to eight committees of the House and Senate. This, the intelligence agents assert, makes it very difficult to keep secret operations secret. The Hughes-Ryan Amendment, a law enacted in 1974, requires that six committees be notified of covert operations; the Senate and House intelligence committees were added to the list when they were established after 1974.

One of the ironies is that the watchdog always joins forces with the burglars.

On the face of it, then, it might appear that the mere existence of congressional machinery to monitor the CIA and the other intelligence agencies has had a salutary if unanticipated effect: The spooks, we are to believe, have put away their cloaks and daggers because they don't like the bother.

In fact it would be naive to assume that the CIA has altogether stopped doing what comes naturally. No doubt there *are* fewer covert operations today than in the swashbuckling fifties and sixties. But Senator Gary Hart, a member of the Senate Intelligence Committee, is on record as saying the White House notified the committee of six covert operations in the panel's first year. Since the committee is now more than two years old, the mathematical likelihood is that at least a dozen secret CIA operations have been reported to its members.

Both the Senate and House committees are worried, however, about what they are *not* being told. It is clear, for example, that the CIA did not tell Congress the truth about covert operations in Angola. There is a good deal of backstage pulling and hauling going on right now between the intelligence agencies and the committees over the reporting procedures for covert operations. Most of the infighting is conducted in the greatest secrecy, and the details are rather murky. But the silent struggle over covert operations is symptomatic of the larger problem of how well Congress is acting—or can ever act—as a watchdog over agencies whose business is secrecy.

"We're going through a new experience after the disclosures of the Church committee, Watergate, and Vietnam," says Birch Bayh, the Indiana Democrat who heads the Senate Intelligence Committee. "We're taking a virgin voyage here. Anything one says is based on limited experience. What yardstick do you use? Is oversight working compared to what?"

Bayh is wedged into a window seat in a discreet corner of the ornate Senate reception room in the Capitol, just off the Senate floor near Vice President Mondale's office. At age 50 he retains the same quality of boyish sincerity, and almost the same youthful appearance, that helped him defeat Homer Capehart back in 1962.

"It's a quantum leap over what there was before," Bayh continues, "but that isn't saying very much because there wasn't much oversight." Bayh is right about that. In the old days, the Senate's idea of watchdogging the CIA was epitomized by Georgia's Richard Brevard Russell, who once observed that some of the secret things he had been told "chill the marrow of a man to hear about," and who suggested it would be better to close up the CIA than let Congress know the details of its operations.

Bayh chooses his words carefully. "We've achieved, perhaps the best word is a respectable relationship between the committee and the agencies." But he agreed there is a danger "that we will inadvertently become compromised so that we are no longer overseers but yes-sayers."

How many covert operations have been reported to the committee since Bayh took over as chairman from Senator Daniel K. Inouye of Hawaii last January?

"I won't give numbers. But they have not been voluminous."

Was he satisfied he was being told all?

"Yes. If there is a question, it is over how much detail is given to us, some of the specifics. Admiral Turner did call me over Labor Day weekend about two or three things. He wanted to come up to the office. We talked on a secure phone. I decided he didn't need to come to the office."

Senator Inouye was much impressed with a special beeper the CIA gave him. It could instantly notify him if the CIA launched a covert operation anywhere in the world, and he carried it everywhere. Had Senator Bayh inherited Inouye's James Bond beeper?

Bayh smiled warily at the question. He has very clear blue eyes, and a very personable smile. "I have two beepers, actually. One in Indiana and one here. But frankly, both have stayed in my briefcases. I've had a call or two on the telephone but my staff knows where to find me."

UNDER THE HUGHES-Ryan Amendment, the President need report only covert operations that he finds are "important" to the national security. Since the CIA might well decide that hardly any of its covert hanky-panky was "important" enough to reveal to a bunch of untrustworthy senators and representatives, even if they were elected by the people, how can the committee be sure it is being told what it should know?

"That's the gray area," Bayh conceded. "Turner and I both have other things to do than to talk about every little activity or detail. When an action has, or could have, negative ramifications in terms of the national interest, then we are told about it." Or so the chairman hopes.

Once the CIA tells a secret to Congress, however, Congress has entered into a degree of complicity with the CIA. It is one of the ironies of congressional oversight of the intelligence agencies that to some extent the watchdog inevitably joins forces with the burglars; and then whom shall we rely on to bark in the night?

"This is a very uneasy position for me to be in," Bayh admits. "I'm a public guy. I like to live in the sunshine. But the fact is there are secrets which if made public damage the country. If our committee leaks, we

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

won't be told secrets."

For Bayh, who in the past has harbored presidential ambitions, heading the Senate Intelligence Committee is a political minefield. If he criticizes the CIA, the FBI, or the NSA too harshly, it will not please the conservatives back home in Indiana. If he fails to push a strong intelligence reform bill through the Senate, the liberals will accuse him of selling out to the cops. He does not see how the job can have a "positive" effect on his political career.

The CIA is confident the pendulum is now swinging back in their favor.

Les Aspin, the Wisconsin Democrat who heads the House Intelligence Committee's subcommittee on oversight, is even blunter in discussing the political drawbacks. "A lot of what we do is secret," he said. "Because of it, there is very little political mileage for a congressman to expend a lot of time in this area. It's a thankless task. . . . You're caught between right and left. You're not getting any Brownie points from your constituents. They want to know what you're doing. For all these reasons, oversight is a real sonofabitch."

Aspin worries about whether the CIA has really been notifying the committees of all its "important" covert operations. He has held seven closed hearings on covert operations, and apparently has had his staff look into some of them. "We've checked some things out in Western Europe," one committee source said. Aspin himself will say little on the subject. "We wrote a report on covert action," he said, "a big report; it's so goddamn classified I can't talk about it."

But presumably among Aspin's concerns are the generalized "presidential findings" under Hughes-Ryan, the existence of which was disclosed on June 1 by Seymour M. Hersh in the *New York Times*. Hersh, who occasionally provides more "oversight" of the intelligence agencies than do the congressional committees, revealed that only a month after Hughes-Ryan was passed President Ford issued a series of worldwide "findings." These declared in advance that CIA covert operations dealing with narcotics, terrorism, or counterintelligence were "important" to national security. Carter, Hersh reported, endorsed this prepackaged approach. Some members of Congress believe that the CIA may use these blanket findings to duck the necessity of reporting on specific operations within those categories.

Aspin says he does not think the CIA is doing this, but he adds cryptically: "There are a lot of ways in which this has loopholes. You can't really expect Congress to oversee this thing. Congress can set up the right procedures. But will they be followed? I think Stan Turner must sit in his study at night and say to himself: 'I wonder how much is going on here *I* don't know about.' "

So the problem of congressional oversight—a dreadful and ambiguous word that can mean "overlook" as well as "oversee"—is obviously even more complex when Congress is dealing with secret agencies. As Aspin puts it: "We have the same general problems that bedevil congressional committees everywhere. You always have problems with any bureaucracy. With CIA it's compounded. They very seldom lie to a congressional committee, but to get the right answer you have to know the answer."

It was largely Seymour Hersh's exposure of the CIA's Operation CHAOS, its domestic spying program, that provided the impetus for Congress to investigate America's police and intelligence agencies. The Church committee in the Senate and the Pike committee in the House, the two investigating committees, were eventually succeeded by the two permanent intelligence committees. The Senate panel was created on May 19, 1976. The House, notably less interested in monitoring the intelligence agencies, did not establish its permanent committee until July 14, 1977.

It is widely believed on the Hill that Senator Inouye, the first chairman of the Senate committee, was chosen by Mike Mansfield, then the leader of the Senate, because he was considered "safe." Inouye, who had lost his right arm fighting in the U.S. Army in Italy during World War II, was viewed as a patriot, a man unlikely to emerge as a harsh critic of the already wounded intelligence agencies. By contrast, Frank Church had waved around CIA dart guns for the television cameras, and had been impolite enough to expose the agency's attempts at assassination of world leaders, even publicizing its hiring of two Mafiosi, Sam Giancana and Johnny Roselli, to knock off Fidel Castro. (Both hoodlums were murdered soon after Roselli began chatting with the committee.)

Inouye, who after one year announced that the CIA and other agencies were "under the control of the President" and "fully . . . accountable," stepped down last January with the satisfied air of a man completing a job well done. He said he wished to create a precedent under which the chairman's job would rotate every two years. It is not a bad idea. It might prove valuable in two ways: It could help to prevent the committee from becoming a total captive of the agencies, and it would relieve the chairman of serving overly long in a job that, all agree, can be injurious to the political health of the incumbent. At any rate, as chairman, Inouye established another precedent: he did not make waves.

"From day one," notes Jerry Berman, legislative director of the American Civil Liberties Union's Washington office, "the Senate Intelligence Committee set out to prove they were not an adversary committee. They don't want confrontation. The risk is that the committees will end up as an arm of the agencies."

It is indeed a risk, and there is clearly a new attitude in Washington toward the spy agencies, rather like that of an indulgent uncle discussing a nephew who occasionally puts frogs or cornflakes in his sister's bed or spikes the punch at the PTA meeting: just the normal high jinks of a healthy American boy. The era of exposure is over, and the CIA and its counterpart agencies are growing increasingly confident that the pendulum is swinging back in their favor.

In part this is due to the frayed edges of détente; agencies involved in "national security" are always more popular when people get nervous about their safety. In part, it is simply due to the public's short attention span. Do most Americans remember that the CIA illegally opened mail for 20 years and spied on American citizens who thought the war in Vietnam

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a bad idea? Or that the FBI, under COINTELPRO, harassed thousands of people whose crime was to hold political views with which the bureau disagreed?

The best indicator of the changed atmosphere in Washington was provided by the Senate Intelligence Committee's hearings last spring on Senate 2525, the massive "reform" bill to reorganize the nation's intelligence agencies. The bill, which grew out of the disclosures of the Church and Pike committees, was drafted by a subcommittee headed by Senator Walter Huddleston, a Kentucky Democrat.

The proposed CIA reform bill would even have permitted Operation CHAOS.

Huddleston set the tone in his opening remarks at the hearings: "I, for one, believe we have had enough of investigations and revelations," he declared. "The effect of certain revelations has, undoubtedly, been healthy. But the time has come to discontinue our self-flagellation."

As its leadoff witness the committee chose Clark M. Clifford, pillar of the Washington establishment, who helped write the 1947 act establishing the CIA. Clifford testified that the restrictions on the CIA contained in the reform bill were "demeaning." The prohibition against assassinating foreign leaders, Clifford assured the senators, "would make us look silly." But, then, Clifford probably does not frequent Havana restaurants like the one in which the CIA planned to slip poison capsules into Castro's *arroz con pollo*. Nor is Clifford likely to have borrowed Patrice Lumumba's toothbrush.

Richard Helms, another witness, actually told the committee that "I don't know of any director, as least during my time, who fiddle-faddled with the Congress." Since Helms not long before had been convicted on criminal charges of failing to testify fully and accurately about the CIA to a Senate committee, his comment was pure chutzpah, if not fiddle-faddle. Helms even told Huddleston's hearing that when a member of Congress got a CIA briefing, "he got the martini straight up—not on the rocks."

George Bush, another former CIA chieftain, used a term frequently heard in Washington these days when the intelligence operators complain about the Senate bill. Congress, he said, should not attempt "to micro-manage the intelligence business."

E. Henry Knoche, briefly the CIA's acting director before Carter chose Stan Turner, warned the senators that Congress might spin "a web woven so tight around the average intelligence officer that you're going to deaden his creativity." This, of course, might be better than deadening a foreign chief of state, but Knoche's lament typified the attack on the reform bill. Thomas H. Karamessines, a former chief of CIA covert operations, assured the committee that the CIA's abuses had been few in number, and called the congressional investigations of his agency "an inexcusable exercise in political sensationalism." The hearings lacked only the Dormouse yelling "Treacle!"

The Senate bill is formally entitled the "National Intelligence Reorganization and Reform Act of 1978." It is better known as the "charters" legislation because it attempts to write a charter to define the duties and limits of each of the intelligence agencies. The bill, for example, permits the CIA to continue to conduct "essential" covert operations (although it bars political assassinations in peacetime), bans the use of full-time clergy for intelligence work, prohibits the use of some journalists, but permits the CIA to use freelance writers as spies. The reform measure limits the power of the agencies more than does President Carter's executive order on intelligence, but it is more lenient than many recommendations of the Church and Pike committees.

Even so, the Senate committee and the White House and the agencies have been negotiating for weeks to fashion a bill likely to be even less restrictive than the original version introduced by the committee last February. President Carter is publicly committed to a reform bill, but he has been careful not to endorse the original Senate measure. Some liberals, meanwhile, have come to believe that the reform measure is actually a setback, since it legitimizes practices—such as covert operations—that previously had no specific legal authority.

The ACLU's Jerry Berman, for example, testified at the Senate hearings that the bill would have permitted the CIA legally to run Operation CHAOS and allowed the FBI legally to discredit Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. "The bill as it now stands," said John Shattuck, director of the ACLU's Washington office, "is more of a threat to civil liberties than it is a reform."

Caught in the cross fire between the agencies and the ACLU, Bayh seemed somewhat discouraged. "I guess we're on the horns of a dilemma," he said at the hearing, adding that it was going to take a great deal of persistence to get any bill through Congress. Many months later, Bayh says he still believes that "we'll get a respectable bill, a charter or set of charters."

Others are less optimistic. Senator Church told the *Washington Post* that reform may have been killed by delay. "Memories are very short," he said. "I think the shrewd operators, the friends of the CIA, recognized that time was on their side, that they could hold out against legislative action." And the intelligence officials have fought to water down the bill as much as possible. "Hell, it's a micro-management bill," said one. "It just goes too far."

WHILE THE INTELligence community chips away at S. 2525, it also continues to complain about "leaks" from the Hill. Indeed, the perennial complaint about leaks may be the agencies' most effective weapon against Congress. The idea that committees cannot be trusted with secrets has gained wide acceptance, and it has placed the Senate committee on the defensive. Senator Barry Goldwater, the Republican vice-chairman of the Bayh committee, likes to needle his colleagues on the subject. "There are more leaks here than there are in the men's room at Anheuser Busch."

When President Carter called in key congressional leaders early in July to complain about disclosures of secret information on Capitol Hill, one of his suggestions was that Congress reduce the number of committees to which the CIA must report covert operations and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

details of clandestine intelligence collection. Bayh would like to see such reporting limited to the Senate and House intelligence committees, as would the agencies. There may be pressure, in short, to repeal Hughes-Ryan as part of the "reform" package.

One result of the drumfire of complaints about leaks is that the Senate committee, ultrasensitive to the problem, toils for the most part in secrecy. More than a year ago, for example, at the height of the political struggle for ratification of the Panama Canal treaties, CBS and the *Los Angeles Times* broke the "Panama bugging" story.

A U.S. intelligence agency had engaged in extensive bugging operations against the government of Panama. An American army sergeant with access to the intercepts sold them to Panamanian intelligence, and the Torrijos government, so the published accounts went, had used this knowledge to try to "blackmail" the U.S. treaty negotiators for more favorable terms.

Here was an important story involving American intelligence, with major foreign policy implications. One might think that the Senate Intelligence Committee would put the full story on the record for the American people so that, good or bad, the facts would be disclosed. Instead, the committee conducted a hush-hush investigation, then announced it had found "no evidence" that U.S. spying activity had affected the canal negotiations. Anonymous Defense Department officials conceded that an army sergeant had sold intercepts of telephone conversations to the government of Panama, but the Pentagon officials said that no "blackmail" resulted. The entire episode vanished.

Publicly, that is. Behind the scenes, Inouye and Goldwater were furious at the leak of the Panama bugging story. Both men had briefed North Carolina's Jesse Helms, a bitter treaty foe, and other senators about the case. Soon after, the stories appeared. Inouye and Goldwater asked the Senate Ethics Committee to investigate the leak, which it did, for one year. Former FBI agents on the Ethics Committee staff closely questioned the staff of the Intelligence Committee. The public was deprived of the spectacle of one Senate committee investigating another; the Ethics Committee never issued its report. Senator Adlai E. Stevenson, Ethics Committee chairman, is also a member of the Intelligence Committee.

More recently, the Bayh committee conducted a lengthy study of the CIA's role in the 1975 civil war in Angola, also the subject of charges by former CIA agent John Stockwell in his book, *In Search of Enemies*. In July, Seymour Hersh reported that the committee had concluded that both Henry Kissinger and former CIA chief William Colby had misled Congress about the CIA's covert operations in Angola, and that the agency had spent more than $1 million there to recruit mercenaries. It was a major news story, and Hersh correctly reported the committee's findings, but as of this writing the Senate panel has not released its Angola report.

In some, the prospect for any genuine reform is remote, or doubtful at best.

While the Senate committee is hardly a lion roaming the intelligence community, the House committee is even more timid. Its chairman, Edward Boland, was handpicked by Speaker Tip O'Neill. For years, the two were roommates in Washington, since Boland was a bachelor (he is now married) and O'Neill's wife preferred to live in Cambridge. Together, Boland and O'Neill selected a committee designed not to be too tough on the intelligence agencies. Actually, Aspin, Bill Burlison of Missouri, and Norman Mineta of California, all Democrats, have been fairly active in watching the agencies. But the committee also includes Representative Robert McClory, a Republican from the wealthy suburbs of Chicago, who is one of the CIA's staunchest defenders in Congress.

Chairman Boland, who represents a largely ethnic district in Springfield, Massachusetts, takes a neutral stance. His mind is more on the House Appropriations Committee, which he has a chance to head when the aging George Mahon of Texas steps down this year. With O'Neill's backing, Boland might become chairman. The Intelligence Committee's staff director is Thomas K. Latimer, a former analyst on the China desk at the CIA who was a trouble-shooter for James Schlesinger when he headed the agency. The House committee has had hearings on CIA infiltration of the press, and on terrorism. It also held a hearing on the CIA's retirement system—but nobody came.

The selection of a longtime CIA officer to direct the staff of a House committee overseeing the CIA is not unusual; there is a good deal of lateral movement between the congressional committees and the agencies. It is also interesting to note that several former members of the Church committee staff are now on the other side of the fence, in the White House or elsewhere in the Carter administration. Most prominent among the graduates of the Church committee is David Aaron, number-two man on the staff of the National Security Council, with an office in the White House.

SO CONGRESSIONAL "oversight" plods along. It is better than it was in the days when Allen Dulles would whisper a word or two through his pipe smoke to Dick Russell, the hawkish senator from Georgia. But by and large the Senate and House committees are walking on eggs, and they have no desire to break any and make an omelet. The prospect for a "reform" bill that will substantially curb the intelligence agencies is remote, or doubtful at best.

Perhaps the most apt symbol of all this is the action taken by the committees on Carter's intelligence budget. After lengthy hearings at which Stan Turner could not really explain why revealing the lump sum budget total would help the Soviets, the Senate committee took the dramatic step of voting 9 to 8 to make the budget total—but no details—public. The House committee voted against public disclosure. As a result, the size of the intelligence budget, probably somewhere around $12 billion a year, remains a secret to most members of Congress. They appropriate the money, yet they do not know how much they are voting to spend or how it is spent. And of course the size of the intelligence budget remains a secret as well to the American people, who pay for it. ❑

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE YUGOSLAVS, by Dusko Doder. Random House, 256 pp., $10.00.

No problems?

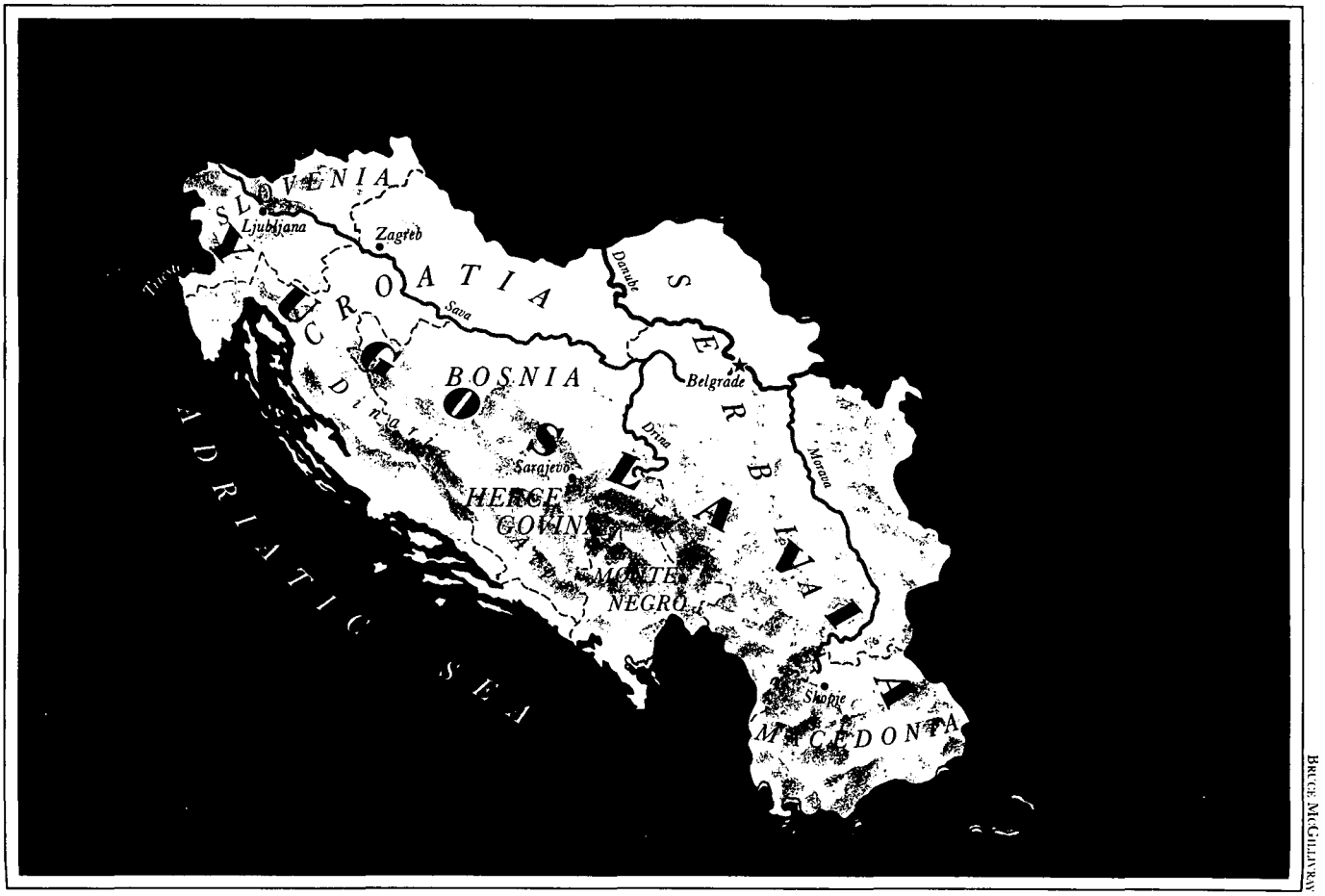
IVO BANAC

IT IS SAID THAT THE FIRST person to record the impressions of foreign visitors who ventured along the eastern shores of the Adriatic was the anonymous author of *Periplus*, a seafaring manual probably dating from the fourth century B.C. In later centuries, numerous articulate travelers moved inland into what is now Yugoslavia, but these pilgrims frequently were no more reliable than that ancient writer. One thinks of Evliya Çelebi and his many tall tales—the famed seventeenth-century traveler's claim, for example, that pomegranates as big as human heads grow in Hercegovina. On a less Ripleyan and more portentous note, it often seemed that the "outlandish natives" attached no greater value to human heads than to pomegranates . . .

IVO BANAC teaches Southeast European history at Yale University.

This was certainly a theme in the reports of the first Western journalists who toured the lands of the South Slavs. Even the great Arthur J. Evans, who followed in the Byronic tradition of sympathy for the liberation movements of the Balkan peoples, wrote some of his dispatches for the *Manchester Guardian* in a way that rivaled scenes from the Grand Guignol. And despite its literary merits, Rebecca West's *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* is a typical twentieth-century instance of preconceptions and political calculations that helped obscure Western visions of Yugoslavia's tempestuous terrain. More recently, bloody melodrama has given way to uncritical adulation, of the sort that Simon Leys has so admirably dissected in the case of China.

Dusko Doder's *The Yugoslavs* is the most recent contribution to the growing literature on contemporary Yugoslavia, but in contrast to so many



BRUCE MCGILLIVRAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

works by other pilgrims, his palette is noted for a sparse use of varnish. Not that Doder can really be compared to Simon Leys. Unlike the Belgian scholar, Doder, who headed the *Washington Post*'s Belgrade bureau in 1973–1976, displays little erudition. Nevertheless, he has several advantages over most of his colleagues. Like Louis Adamic and Stoyan Pribichevich (whose writings immediately come to mind while reading this book), Doder was born in Yugoslavia. Its languages and the cultures of its peoples presented no marked obstacles to his understanding; an American by education and adopted values, he was nevertheless a returned native. Moreover, his vision was sharpened by a previous term in Moscow; in reporting, a good pair of eyes goes a long way, especially in Eastern Europe.

Yugoslavia is a borderland country which, although Communist-governed, remains outside the Soviet bloc. Moreover, Yugoslavia has developed its own socialist model, noted for its departures from the Soviet prototype. These unique features have often served to enhance the stature of the Belgrade government among the majority of non-Communist Westerners (especially Americans) who were predisposed to care only about Yugoslavia's proven potential for the disruption of the Soviet bloc. Otherwise, the country was of no interest, and there was certainly no reason to scrutinize its own particular contradictions and complexities. Instead, Yugoslavia was constantly compared to the Soviet satellites, as if that were the sole point of departure for any assessment of the country's positive and negative aspects. Evidence on matters where Yugoslavia compared unfavorably with her Soviet-bloc neighbors often did not reach the Western public.

There were also other man-traps: A veneer of Western-style consumerism (thriving stores, abundance of everything from imported Mercedes limos to *Playboy*), the presence of many elements of a market economy, widespread ownership of property, freedom to travel abroad, and even the right to import most Western cultural—and anticultural—styles (from controversial political literature to sex manuals, Gothic novels, punk rock, and plain junk). All of this had a profoundly disorienting effect on those who came to accept it as self-evident that good Communists abhor such things like the hoof of the fiend.

The Yugoslav Communist Party jealously holds onto its monopoly of power.

ON THE WHOLE, DODER has succeeded in avoiding the wrong-headed punditry of most Belgrade-watchers. He is both amused and saddened by the passing of those traditional values which fortified Yugoslavia's various peoples against outside pressures, and to a lesser extent against internal abuses. His bittersweet description of philistine consumerism is all too accurate, but it is at odds with his far too sanguine faith in the ameliorative power of the "economy"—the *deus ex machina* which he views as the agency destined to resolve Yugoslavia's internal problems. More importantly, he admits that the comparisons between Belgrade and Moscow should not encourage an uncritical survey of the Yugoslav system. If nothing else, he has learned that his nonofficial intimates in Yugoslavia saw no reason to count their blessings simply because things were better there than in the Soviet bloc. They "were on a different vector"; for them, the significant thing was "the gap between their freedoms and those enjoyed by citizens of West European democracies."

Doder has put his finger on the central problem that has confronted the League of Communists of Yugoslavia (LCY) since the early fifties. Although important contrasts emerged between the Yugoslav party and the Soviet model, there was never any intention of diminishing the LCY's monopoly of power. Those who believed that a pluralist polity was the regime's aim were jettisoned from the party leadership. (To a large extent, one of the few shared aspirations of leaders as different as Djilas, Tripalo, Nikezić, Crvenkovski, Kavčič, and many others who were removed from the party summit at different junctures, was precisely the hope that the LCY would become broad enough to accommodate the widest possible spectrum of political sentiment, or, if that were not possible, that the party would opt for free competition with its opponents, without the benefit of coercion.) Instead, the LCY's proclaimed goals (workers' self-management, socialist market economy, decentralization, sovereignty of Yugoslavia's constituent republics, etc.) were kept in a permanent state of tension with the jealously guarded principle of the leading role of the party—the key Leninist tenet which Yugoslav Communists debated, but could never bring themselves to abandon.

The LCY leadership is well aware that the political and economic reforms of the sixties weakened the party's grip. To meet this danger, the leaders, in 1971, initiated a policy of recentralization. Their problem was to find a formula that would restore the hegemony of the central party leadership without discrediting the autonomist essence of social self-management, which is the cornerstone of Yugoslavia's socialist model. Or, to put it in terms of an old Balkan adage, they had to find a way to keep the wolf satisfied and all the sheep accounted for. Doder quotes a Yugoslav sociologist: "[The LCY leaders] are trying to salvage the rhetoric and hope of self-management while partially restoring the old order. Self-management logically leads to political pluralism. The ruling group was not about to let power slip from their hands. Now they have expanded the system by thousands of ambiguous rules and by greater fragmentation. But the invisible factor in all this is the Communist Party. The party can control the fragmented and complex system far better than a few years ago."

The trouble is that this approach created more problems than it solved. Recentralization was a throwback to postwar "commandism," while Yugoslavia's political culture and socioeconomic system no longer lent themselves to the old administrative style. Most importantly, recentralization exacerbated tensions among the country's nationalities. It should never be forgotten that Yugoslavia is *a multinational country*. In the words of one of Doder's interlocutors, Yugoslavia's constituent nationalities "are irreducible units that like molecules in chemis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

try cannot cohere to produce a new structure but . . . you can use them to make an emulsion by associating them in a federation or confederation."

Recentralization began in 1971 precisely as a blow against the confederalist-minded Croat leadership in the LCY. (Doder was not in Yugoslavia during this period, and his unfamiliarity with the issues is also expressed in his use of an official obloquy—"Croat National Euphoria"—for a confederalist movement whose spirit was the very opposite of euphoric inertia.) Western simpletons who cheered recentralization actually believed that as a result of it Yugoslavia would be more unified and thus better able to cope with Soviet pressures. Historically, however, Croat "separatism" was never the primary cause in undermining the cohesion of the Yugoslav state. The credit for the peculiarly ignominious demise of royalist Yugoslavia in 1941, for instance, goes not only to the Wehrmacht, but also to the Belgrade centralists, who had so alienated the non-Serb peoples that the latter could not be expected to defend a state that treated them as stepchildren.

Is this process repeating itself? Doder's thoughts on this question are frequently so oblique as to rival the ambiguous style of the Orthodox churchmen whose statements pepper his book. The materials that he presents on the current dissension among Yugoslavia's nationalities are, however, so suggestive that intelligent readers will be able to fill in the ellipses and arrive at a likeness of a profoundly troubled country. In short, Doder believes that recent retrograde internal policies have weakened Yugoslavia. Moreover, in the absence of free debate, he doubts that the situation can be improved or the tensions among the nationalities diffused.

DODER'S WORK WILL BE sought out by current affairs specialists, political theorists, and also the fanciers of travel literature. It is hoped that his readers will not be misled by numerous errors that appear in the text. Doder provides far too dark—and anachronistic—a picture of the effects of foreign rule. (It was not the "Austro-Hungarian" authorities who in 1573 executed the Croat peasant insurgent Matija Gubec. This was rather the handiwork of good Croat nobles, who imitated an earlier execution of György Dózsa, the leader of the 1514 Hungarian *jacquerie*. In both cases, nationality mattered very little.) Nor is it true that the South Slav cultural landscape was barren before the nineteenth century. And it is ridiculous to claim that "although the Croats accepted Christianity a thousand years ago, they managed to persuade the Vatican only in 1852 to grant them their own Church by the establishment of the archbishopric of Zagreb"—four errors in one brief sentence! Then there are the lacunae: Is it possible to discuss the Serb-Croat tensions without reference to Bosnia-Hercegovina? Yet this crucial republic is hardly present on these pages, just as the author passes over the question of Montenegrin nationhood.

These problems, and many others, are no mere bagatelles, but they should not detract from Doder's provocative work. The witty journalist is a master of his craft. His cameo portraiture evokes an array of remarkable characters, many of them romantic misfits. From political dissidents like Djilas to "heroic" vendettists like Branko Kekovic; from civil-rights lawyers like Jovan Barovic to roguish retired secret policemen—they are all unforgettable, frequently amusing, occasionally absurd. As in the case of the overeager son-in-law of Doder's landlord, whose standard reply to all complaints is a reassuring "*Nema problema!*" (No problems!), they all have the reflexes of conditioned survivors.

But there is another reason to read Doder. Yugoslavia's relations with the Soviet bloc remain precarious, and its outstanding internal problems unresolved. Whatever dangers are in store for Belgrade, its present and future leaders probably will not allow themselves to be dislodged without a bitter struggle, and they will not be selective about their means. This surely should interest American readers, even if they are otherwise completely in the dark about Balkan affairs. Doder quotes a senior Belgrade official on his government's tactics in case of Soviet intervention: "We will fight them, but that will not remain a local war. Don't think that for a moment. We will involve all of Europe in it . . . We will see to it. It's not going to be all the world cheering the brave Yugoslavs as though we were on stage." The appearance of descriptive literature on unfamiliar places is usually a presage of noteworthy developments. *Nema problema?* ❏

INSIDE IRS: How Internal Revenue Works (You Over), by Jeff A. Schnepper. Stein and Day, 240 pp., $10.00.

Your money or your life

KARL HESS

SO LONG AS IT IS EITHER impossible or undesirable to raise and resolve basic questions about the involuntary servitude we call taxation, it will be possible and desirable to write books like this one.

Such books can generally be expected to make certain points: The Internal Revenue Service, "with more power over people than any other government agency in the United States, has all too often allowed this magnified power to be misused . . . . " (Not to put too fine a point on it, the IRS has become a largely uncontrollable national secret police force. The word "Gestapo" keeps cropping up in this and other such books.) The IRS has committed many crimes against citizens, ruining them, even driving them to their deaths. Hence, it badly needs to be reformed. And new rules will do just that. In the meantime, although there may be some argument as to whether the tax system should be used to enforce socially desired or politically preferred behavior, there is no question that we must *have* taxes because national government could not live without them.

Jeff A. Schnepper's *Inside IRS*, in fact, makes all of those points, ably, believably, and with the dignified certitude becoming to an author who is a lawyer and who also teaches accounting and finance at the American College in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

The book's horror stories will make you hopping mad. As of the time the manuscript was completed, one unfortunate businessman, accused of owing taxes on a transaction that *never took place,* was still in a mental institution, where a judge placed him because he

KARL HESS is a former speechwriter for Senator Barry Goldwater. He is the author of Dear America, *published by William Morrow.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said he would resist, with force, any forceful entry on his property by an IRS agent. Women were recruited to pick up men in bars and seduce them into revealing remarks; this was part of an IRS crusade against a local prosecutor who was trying to run down some leads in the Watergate case that might embarrass the administration. The IRS has routinely used the FBI as an intermediary in obtaining information about persons targeted for attack regardless of whether any tax violations were known to have occurred. The IRS, indeed, operates on the principle that you are guilty until proven innocent. Although it regularly denies that it requires its agents to perform a set quota of citizen harassments, it operates on a system called PUT (Proper Utilization of Time), in which there is every incentive to squeeze taxpayers, none at all to treat them fairly or give them the benefit of any doubts.

The book's chronology of how this all came about is better than those offered in many such books, which skip over the iron link of the income tax to war—beginning with Lincoln's Civil War income tax, which was greased by allowing tax collectors to keep half of all they could grab. They were said to be "enthusiastically pro-government." That income tax was eliminated in 1872. Next came a move to finance American expansionism through a 2 percent income tax proposed by President Cleveland, passed in 1894, and then struck down by the Supreme Court a year later because the flat rate was "class legislation," discriminating against high incomes. By 1913, and the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, however, it was all over, and the constitutionally acceptable progressive income tax has ridden us ever since, easing, apparently, fears of being class legislation by coming down hardest on the middle, or invisible, class.

Finally, the book takes good heart from the 1976 Tax Reform Act, which, although the author admits it is virtually unintelligible, does provide at least procedural relief (periods of review and reply) against that most obnoxious IRS practice in which agents on their own may confiscate property, even sell it, without the slightest evidence of a tax violation, if they simply "think" there may have been one.

More, of course, has to be done, the author suggests. You are *still* guilty until proven innocent, for instance. And the tax forms *are* too complicated.

NO MATTER. THE BOOK IS just fine for what it does and cannot be faulted for what it does not do. But there is an opening, at least, to nudge, if not fault, this fine compilation of facts. The author himself invites this by an apparently irresistible and, I feel, good-minded urge to at least come close to some basic questions without actually succumbing to any intellectual rashness that would hurl him over the precipice of propriety and into those basics.

For instance, he very wisely points out that every excessive and even brutal power wielded against Americans by this most un-American agency, the IRS, is the direct result not of simple sadism among employees but, instead, of specific legislation by the Congress of the United States, our elected representatives.

Our country's most despotic agency, as Schnepper wisely points out, is not a result of bureaucratic excess at all. It is the result of legislative excess. The appalling fact about the IRS is not that it debases our laws or even distorts them. It is that the IRS is not just above the law, but a law unto itself, and our lawmakers made it that way.

As one who takes a back seat to no one in despising the very ground that the IRS stands on or that its agents tread, I am shaken back into political reality by the author's powerful point. The bureaucrats, the despised ones, are actually the fabricated creatures of our civil saints, the congressmen and senators. The indictment is not so much of antidemocratic abuses as it is of representative democracy itself. The author, although unable to specify why in his book, seems reasonably optimistic that the processes of that same representative democracy will rally, reform, and set it all right—someday.

THERE IS ANOTHER BASIC question raised and not answered by this and similar books (a rush of which may be expected, to celebrate the current "tax rebellion"). Taxation is based on the premise that only by involuntary servitude—the coerced handing over of the fruits of labor—can government exist. The question is whether there is an alternative; and of course there is: voluntary social agreements among consenting members not of society, but of *societies*. Rumbling way down below the surface soundings of Proposition 13 is that ancient echo.

There is only a little in the current situation to suggest that this rumbling will break volcanically through the accreted strata of inherited and involuntary arrangements. The rumbling is there, but that, so far, is all it is. Books like this, as a matter of fact, remind us sharply that most reactions to the IRS are registered at the levels of anger, resentment, and, let's face it, special pleading.

The most supposedly enlightened reform measures actually present a short range of choices in long political terms. Some conservatives suggest a flat-rate, no-exemption, income tax that probably would even raise more money and would certainly make everyone from the millionaire to the milkman more aware of paying a fair share (although how you determine a fair share of something intrinsically evil is beyond me). Other conservatives just want a cut in the current rates. Liberals suggest the most painstaking protections of privacy and due process of law and, indeed, put quite a few of those protections in the 1976 reform law.

Still, the basics are begged. Only rarely, for instance, does anyone suggest an end to the withholding tax. Republicans have been known to do it but have inevitably withdrawn the suggestion when a good chance to enhance the national security state or extend the empire presented itself, along with its obvious need for money.

Why is withholding a basic? Isn't it just a detail of the income tax law? Probably not. It is a shame that the wonderfully well-informed author of this book does not tackle the question. That question is: without the withholding tax, would most Americans actually be able or willing to pay their income taxes? If they had to come up with the thousands owed, in a lump sum, would they obey the law? Would they, *literally*, rebel? And, come to think of it, beyond any of the current talk about a tax rebellion, can they actually rebel in any ongoing, meaningful sense so long as the federal government, and many states, have the power to take taxes in advance, whether the rebels want them to or not?

Such a question does not suggest simple reforms as an answer. It suggests nothing less than a basic reconsideration of the entire tax idea, not just of its application. *Inside IRS* is not such a reconsideration. It is a superb audit of America's most hated public institution and power. ❑

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REGINALD GIBBONS

Wood

A cylinder of maple
set in place and feet spread apart,
the heavy maul, fat as a hammer
but honed like an axe, draws
a semicircle overhead and strikes
through the two new halves
to leave the steel head sunk
a half-inch in the block
  and the ash
handle rigid in the air
A smack of the palm, gripping as it hits
the butt end, and the blade
rolls out of the cut. The half-logs
are still rocking on the flagstones

So much less than what we have been
persuaded to dream, this necessity for wood
might have sufficed, but it is what
we have been taught to disown and forget
Yet just such hardship is what saves
For if the stacked cords
speak of felled trees, of countless
five-foot logs flipped end over end downhill
till the blood is wrung from your back
and snowbound warmth must seem
so far off you would rather freeze,

yet each thin tongue torn from the grain
when log-halves were sundered at one stroke
will sing in the stove
To remind you of hands. Of how
mere touch is song in the silence
where hands live—the song of muddy bark,
the song of sawdust like cornmeal and down,
and the song of one hand over another,
two of us holding the last length of the log
in the cradle as inches away the chainsaw
sputters and continues to rip through hickory

for Maxine Kumin

The Voice of Someone Else

I've lived under this big porch a long time.
Where you are—where you breathe
and talk and things come to hand—
is above me: warmth, painted wood,
  prospects .
But I like this lattice-shadow better
(You may remember now, with a chill,
how you caught a glimpse of my eye
on you, from in here, but it doesn't matter
what you think you saw in the checkered light—
fine skin and jewels, or a curved beak,
or fur, or scales that rustled
  as they disappeared.)

I am my own keeper I have lost nothing
Every old thing is with me—the afternoon
when the field burned, and the good belt
with the turquoise buckle, and the long game
under the lights . .
But also the stories that your sister told
her friend when no living thing was listening.

When I come up, it is by a passage
inside you, to look out through
your eyes, that are mine any time I want
Likewise your body, likewise your soul
The things that rouse me?
Hurt, strength, good weather, bad weather,
accidents, secrets being told, secrets
held back, and then, knowing—
this comes from far off, calling me from above—
that the hand is holding a pen

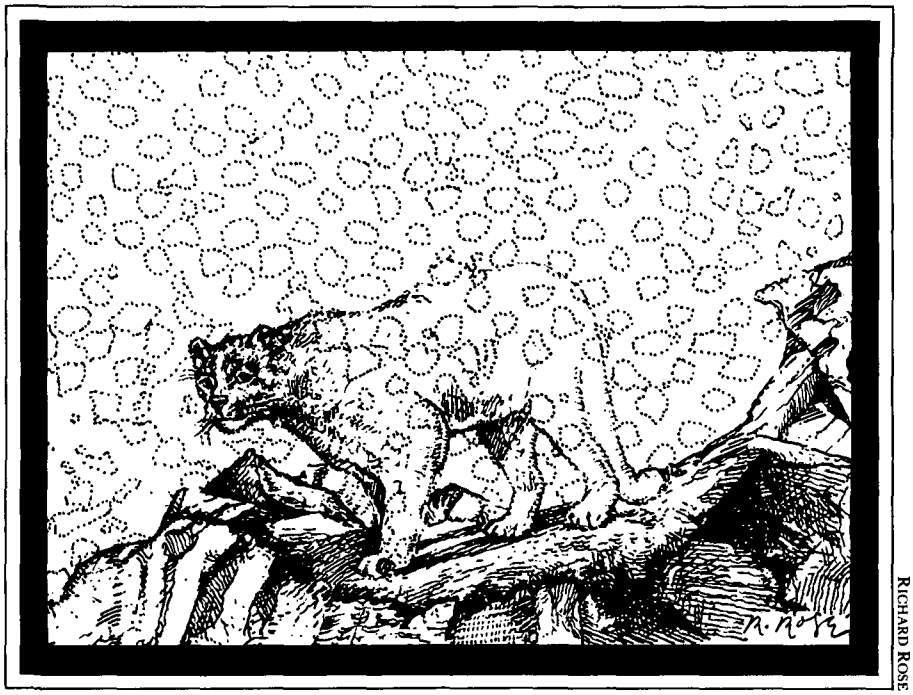
for William Goyen

REGINALD GIBBONS's first book of poems, Roofs, Voices, Roads, *will be published this winter He teaches creative writing at Princeton University.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SNOW LEOPARD, by Peter Matthiessen. Viking Press, 338 pp., $12.95.

Toward the still center



RICHARD ROSE

JOHN GORDON

THE SNOW LEOPARD IS A rare species of great cat about six feet in length, reportedly very beautiful, which ranges through the Himalayan wilderness. The pure white of its coat is of course the perfect camouflage for its surroundings; as its name may suggest, one has difficulty distinguishing field from foreground, "snow" from "leopard." For anyone trying to pick it out of the white landscape, the possibility of its presence can give the mountains a constant feel of immanence. "It is wonderful how the presence of this creature draws the whole landscape to a point," writes Peter Matthiessen, who in 1973 sought the leopard through Nepal and Tibet, and who from the experience has written a book not quite like any other.

Matthiessen and his crew never do see the leopard, but that hardly seems to matter. The book is a quest, but a transcendental one, toward the still center of the turning wheel: here one of the oldest stories of the West is written, incongruously, by a Buddhist. From the beginning, he seeks the white creature blending into the landscape rather than standing out against it. At the end, the point is not to have seen the leopard; the point is to have looked for it and, with the new focus made possible by its unseen presence, to see things "as if the Universe were coming to attention." The animal after which the book is named is both central and irrelevant; the important thing about it is that the reader learn not to care whether it is seen or not.

If you read *The Snow Leopard* to find out what happens next, you will not read very far. The author who in his previous book, the splendid *Far Tortuga*, very skillfully kept things moving along, has turned inward, from storytelling to spiritual autobiography and the related form of meditative lyric. He recalls, this time, Blake, Wordsworth, Shelley—his descriptions of mountains can give the eerie feeling that Shelley's "Mont Blanc" is being unconsciously reincarnated in prose—and in the mountainous setting so beloved by the Romantics, he seeks the awareness that lies at the heart of the Romantic sensibility, the miracle of the here and now. If the "now" is miraculous, the "next" of course loses interest, and narrative, which is a succession of "nexts," goes out the window; the hunt for the snow leopard ceases to matter.

The principal weakness of Matthiessen's book is that his lyrical resources are only occasionally equal to the demand placed on them by a 300-page book that aspires to represent, and perhaps embody, the circularity of things, and so rise above anything as time-bound as a plot. A thoroughly first-rate writer of prose, he is still frequently just so-so as a poet, and although his writing is at a high level, it is not always high enough to support a narrative ramble filleted of anticipation.

But if as a writer he is nowhere near the equal of the great lyricists with whom he invites comparison, as a mountaineer he is clearly their superior, and that turns out to matter a lot. It is important that he has really spent several strenuous weeks climbing through the harsh and daunting terrain he describes and learned the right names for things, every bush and bird, as a natural extension of his writer's gift for finding the right word. At his best, he renders his visions so that they can be envisioned:

> I grow into these mountains like a moss. I am bewitched. The blinding snow peaks and the clarion air, the sound of earth and heaven in the silence, the requiem birds, the mythic beasts, the flags, great horns, and old carved stones, the rough-hewn Tartars in their braids and homespun boots, the silver ice in the black river, the Kang, the Crystal Mountain. Also, I love the common miracles—the murmur of my friends at evening, the clay fires of smudgy juniper, the coarse dull food, the hardship and simplicity, the contentment of doing one thing at a time: when I take my blue tin cup into my hand, that is all I do. We have had no news of modern times since late December, and gradually my mind has cleared itself, and wind and sun pour through my head, as through a bell. Though we talk little here, I am never lonely; I am returned into myself.

He has taken himself to the remotest and most mythical of places, and brought back an account both scrupulous and moving, surely the best yet written. It is heartening to know that the legends can melt under scrutiny and still leave a region that transfigures someone tough enough to get there. The visionary tapestry of mountains, ice, wolves, eagles, and blinding light is peculiarly dignified by the narrative's constant simultaneous attentiveness to fractious sherpas, sheep shit, and the expedition's unavoidable grunginess. Despite its metaphysical enthusiasms, *The Snow Leopard* is best at particularizing the fantastic—as dream travelogue rather than dream monologue.

JOHN GORDON has written for Ramparts, *the* James Joyce Quarterly, *and other publications.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COEXISTING WITH THE mystical in Matthiessen is a teacher and scholar whose characteristic mental act is to search out, track down, retain, record, and transmit by means of a book frequently punctuated with footnotes. When a river is encountered, Matthiessen instructs the reader as to its source and destination, as his mind instinctively turns to the historical origins of Buddhism and the geological evolution of the Himalayas. Perhaps inevitably, he is reluctant to honor received notions of probability in looking for sources, and as a result most sober readers are likely to find here more of Jung and Castañeda, levitation, metempsychosis, telepathy, and so forth than they will want to swallow. Ingenuously or disingenuously, Matthiessen exposes himself to the scorn of many a rationalist by recounting his years of experimentation with the psychedelics of the currently unfashionable sixties, although it is hard to square that era's stereotyped druggie with a man who chews a sprout of wild cannabis to help get his rugged middle-aged legs through a Himalayan pass. *The Snow Leopard* testifies that there is no necessary contradiction there, and that science itself begins in wonder and the dissolution of orthodox categories.

In fact, the book's resistance to categories, a quality that it shares with Matthiessen's earlier work, is what distinguishes it most and will probably advance its author's cultic status. No one else could have done it. Lawrence, Henry Miller, and Jung have perhaps written better about places much easier to reach, and there have been defter things done with Matthiessen's alpine iconography by holiday hikers who happened to be poets, but no other living person I know of shares his simultaneous mastery of the two rigorous disciplines that have come together to form *The Snow Leopard*. Matthiessen makes the combination a success partly by not posing as either Author or Mountaineer; throughout the book he resists roles by treating them as, in a sense, alternative incarnations: now a climber, later a writer.

Most of all, and most reassuringly, it affirms that after the blowout of the sixties, and then the age of the waterbed, frozen yogurt, and creative self-actualization, some faiths have been annealed rather than dissipated, and that some survivors are still around ready to go back into the wilderness.

SPOOKS: The Haunting of America—The Private Use of Secret Agents, by Jim Hougan. William Morrow and Co., 478 pp., $12.95.

Spies for hire

JONATHAN MARSHALL

*IMAGINE A PRIVATE SECU*rity firm staffed by former top-level intelligence officials from the IRS, CIA, NSA, Narcotics Bureau, FBI, Interpol, Justice Department Criminal Division, and Customs Service. Imagine further that they continued to have access to a network of friends still in government and to their official files. Imagine, finally, that the firm claimed to specialize in detecting and eliminating the infiltration of organized crime into legitimate business, while at the same time it was owned by a company itself linked to numerous criminal interests.

Such a security firm exists. Called International Intelligence, Incorporated (or Intertel, for short), it plays an important role in Jim Hougan's story of private intelligence, *Spooks*. After four years of research, Hougan has written an exciting and politically explosive account of the way private agents—the "spooks" of the title—conspire with their wealthy clients and friends in government to manipulate the nation's business and politics. Intertel, which serves ITT, the Hughes empire, and the gambling firm Resorts International, among others, is only one of many private operations working behind a wall of secrecy. In a masterpiece of investigative reporting, Hougan penetrates that wall for the first time—naming names and providing details that have never before surfaced into print. Inevitably, his research uncovers as much about the abuses of our public intelligence agencies as it does about their more modest "private" counterparts.

His impressive array of sources, many of them named, includes present and former staffers of congressional committees in charge of permanent investigations, multinational corporations, intelligence operations, and the IRS; former CIA and military intelligence agents, well-connected Washington lawyers, and above all, a long list of private operatives. Where his information is inconclusive or his conclusions speculative, Hougan honestly informs the reader. So much of his account checks with available documentary evidence that his book can be read with a great deal of confidence. The same cannot be said, unhappily, of many a post-Watergate "exposé."

Hougan's story covers the gamut of activities one associates with dime-store fiction: sexual blackmail, kidnapping, drug trafficking, money laundering, and assassination; his characters include Howard Hughes, Robert Vesco, Richard Nixon, and Aristotle Onassis. But the real protagonists are the army of anonymous "spooks" who inhabit the world of private intelligence.

Hougan never succumbs to the mystique of the milieu he describes; on the contrary, by exploring the insecurity and psychological problems that so often beset members of the private intelligence fraternity, he deflates our romantic notions of secret agents. Nevertheless, even in this sober work of nonfiction, the thriller element is ultimately irrepressible.

Consider Hougan's introduction to one little-known agent: "Bobby Hall love[d] the work he did—until, if you can believe the wavering testimony of a somewhat dubious cop—a Jewish pornographer from Shanghai put an end to it. A corrupt private investigator, drug dealer, and wiretapping specialist, Hall was a man obsessed with intrigue. Blackmailing Robert Vesco and playing middleman in a bizarre burglary of Howard Hughes' inner sanctum, the Hollywood spook came to a Raymond Chandler ending on a hot summer night in 1976. Found on the floor of his kitchen with three Bing cherries in his mouth and a .38 slug in the back of his head, Hall left a legacy to his family of incandescent tape recordings that police have sworn to burn."

SPOOKS IS PEPPERED WITH bizarre and amusing anecdotes. Hougan relates, for example, that McGovern backer and Fund for Peace angel Stewart Mott, heir to a General Motors fortune, financed the development of silencer-equipped weapons—ostensibly for "environmental" reasons. Mott allegedly be-

JONATHAN MARSHALL is an associate editor of INQUIRY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lieved the silencers could be adapted to quiet lawn mowers and other noisy consumer appliances. But the manufacturer, Mitchell WerBell, dreamed only of making vast profits by outfitting the armies of Chile, Uganda, Israel, and even the United States with his revolutionary submachine guns and pistols.

Most of Hougan's account, however, has a more sinister cast. Where government agents and private "spooks" conspire together, the results are often murderous. According to his sources, including private agents, Drug Enforcement Administration officials, and congressional staffers, the Nixon administration's DEA planned the ultimate counter to the narcotics traffic: a full-fledged assassination program directed against the traffickers. Reportedly this final solution was first proposed by Graham Martin, former U.S. ambassador to Vietnam (who, as ambassador to Italy, had coaxed the CIA into funding the neofascist head of the Italian secret police, General Miceli). The DEA's "Murder, Inc." was a joint effort of Lucien Conein, former CIA station chief in Vietnam who now serves in a top DEA post; his White House contacts Egil Krogh and Conein's CIA colleague Howard Hunt; and Mitchell WerBell, the private arms manufacturer mentioned above. WerBell's CIA background, his arming Robert Vesco, apparently with government approval, and his preposterous conspiracy with other spooks to "liberate" a Bahamian island named Abaco, suggest to Hougan that the CIA and DEA were using WerBell & Co. to set up an offshore manufacturing plant for assassination equipment.

The assassination program was cut short when it leaked to Senator Lowell Weicker, but not before Hunt had already begun organizing assassination teams in Mexico. When a Senate committee called WerBell to testify, the Treasury Department suddenly slapped an indictment against him on charges of arms smuggling—an indictment soon thrown out of court, but only after it had served to prevent WerBell from testifying.

Nor was that the only time an investigation involving the DEA and Vesco was mysteriously aborted. A DEA informant, Frank Peroff, stumbled across evidence that Vesco was financing a huge heroin-smuggling operation from Canada to the United States. Suddenly the DEA called him off the investigation, and after Peroff (ignorant of Vesco's relationship with Nixon) naively passed his information on to the White House, the DEA moved to tip off some ruthless syndicate colleagues of Peroff's as to his informant status. Peroff's life may have been saved by the intervention of the Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee, which took his testimony and offered him protection.

The DEA came close to forming its very own Murder, Inc.

And there is the case of IRS agent Norman Casper, whose investigation of Bahamian bank accounts revealed numerous tax violations by suspected organized crime figures, celebrities, and politicians. IRS Commissioner Donald Alexander suddenly called off his investigation after Casper came up with evidence linking both President Nixon and Alexander's Cleveland law firm to the Castle Bank, one of the IRS investigation's key targets. Hougan offers evidence, admittedly still inconclusive, that Nixon was depositing money into overseas bank accounts from narcotics traffickers, gambling interests, and multinational corporations.

But Hougan misses an important fact, one that strengthens his essential point about the abuses rampant in the heart of the intelligence community. Namely, the Castle Bank investigation threatened to uncover a substantial CIA role in the very Bahamian banks that the IRS, for good reason, found so shady. Specifically, the IRS investigation seemed to implicate Paul Helliwell, counsel to the Castle Bank. Although press accounts never mentioned his background, Helliwell for years was a high-ranking CIA officer stationed in Miami to oversee CIA operations abroad; back in the 1950s, he had been counsel to a CIA proprietary corporation that armed the opium-smuggling Thai border police. Just as the CIA maintained an unhealthily close relationship with Robert Vesco (springing him from a Swiss jail at one point), so did it rub elbows with criminal interests in the Bahamas by laundering money through the same banks they used.

THE ALLIANCE OF THE CIA and criminal interests—typified by the CIA's employment of Sam Giancana, John Roselli, and Santos Trafficante to assassinate Castro—helps explain the extraordinary immunity from prosecution of so many organized crime figures—including Robert Vesco, whom the Justice Department never seriously tried to extradite from the Bahamas or Costa Rica. The CIA cloak of immunity also protected one of its Thai agents, Puttaporn Khramkhruan, who was quietly released after being arrested in Chicago with 59 pounds of pure opium in 1973. Khramkhruan worked for the CIA proprietary firm Joseph Z. Taylor & Associates, which (ostensibly for AID) trained the drug-trafficking Thai border police at a time when the U.S. government officially insisted that AID no longer provided cover for CIA assets.

Private "spooks," like crime bosses, know that a CIA connection can provide useful cover for their activities. For example, in 1954 the international oil companies, fearing a threat to their cartel, set out to destroy Aristotle Onassis, who had signed a secret and enormously lucrative deal to ship Saudi oil. The oil companies enlisted Vice President Nixon in the sabotage operation as well as Greek shipowner Stavros Niarchos, who resented being frozen out of the shipping deal. To handle sensitive operations, the conspirators hired Robert Maheu, an ex-FBI agent who started up a private intelligence firm in 1954 with a boost from the CIA. While Maheu planted defamatory news stories in foreign newspapers as part of an international propaganda campaign to tarnish Onassis's reputation, Nixon and Warren Burger, then a Justice Department official, bottled up the Greek millionaire with legal suits in the United States.

Maheu also oversaw a sophisticated wiretap operation against Onassis during the crisis, but as he told Hougan, "My most important contribution was getting the CIA involved. You can't imagine how hard it was to convince them that the national security was at stake." If Hougan is right—and he argues the case convincingly—then the only security at stake was that of the oil companies and Niarchos. The battle against Onassis, which surfaced in abbreviated form for the first time in the Church committee hearings on the CIA, thus represents a clear case of the manipulation of the CIA, and federal government, by private interests.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hougan goes further, however, to suggest that private interests employ federal intelligence agencies to *regulate* criminal activity in order to force out competitors. He offers startling evidence that a joint Justice Department–IRS operation in the Bahamas forced existing gambling casino operators out of business—by charging them with tax avoidance and bribery—to make way for Resorts International's Paradise Island casino, which itself had shady connections to which the government turned a blind eye. Some of the very Justice Department agents who ran the Bahamian operation then resigned to form Intertel, which is owned by and provides casino security for Resorts International.

Hougan leaves no doubt that private intelligence has proliferated at an extraordinary rate since the Second World War. In part, the blame can be placed on technological advance, which puts sophisticated eavesdropping equipment and lie detectors in the hands of thousands of private agents. But the real villains of Hougan's book must be the government's national security bureaucracy and the vast intelligence establishment it has spawned. That establishment not only provides an unlimited supply of highly trained personnel to the private sector, it also enforces an environment of secrecy—justified by "national security"—in which private intelligence flourishes.

In the final analysis, Hougan's book is not really about private intelligence, but about the entire milieu of public and private intelligence, organized crime, and multinational business that intrigues behind the scenes under the guise of the national interest. Intelligence empires like Intertel exist because the even greater empire of government intelligence continues to feed them information, while offering them privileged channels to make use of government power for their own ends. Hougan's recommendation for a "Domestic Agents Registration Act" would be about as effective at controlling private intrigue as the Foreign Agents Registration Act is in preventing corruption from foreign lobbies. Not until the government's own covert bureaucracies are dismantled will there be any hope of limiting the power of criminal "spooks" who rarely surface to public view but so profoundly affect our lives and national politics.

FILM

New York Film Festival I

STEPHEN HARVEY

NEARLY EVERY CITY equipped with a civic auditorium and a spare union projectionist can boast of a film festival of its own nowadays, but the annual New York event has always retained a unique cachet, owing in part to its aura of selectivity. While similar extravaganzas in Chicago and L.A. have turned into a kind of indiscriminate movie supermarket, New York's annual display of limited wares implies that its organizers have managed to sift through the superfluous to present only the best the international cinema has to offer. Sometimes this conceit has turned out to be no more than a PR dream, and churlish rumblings over the selection committee's purported biases (in particular its rampant Francophilia and perfunctory genuflections toward the self-proclaimed avant-garde) recur with the regularity of Indian summer.

Overall, however, its track record has been admirable—over the years the festival's selections have been choice yet remarkably comprehensive. Hence, probably no one is to blame if the 1978 line-up has proven disheartening thus far—it just doesn't seem a particularly good year for the movies. Apart from *Days of Heaven* and the Italian Grand Prize–winner at Cannes, *The Tree of Wooden Clogs* (both of which the festival tried and failed to snare), I haven't seen or heard of any indisputable gems that have eluded it. If, unlike last year, no films as poignant as *The Lacemaker*, as crisp and dazzling as *That Obscure Object of Desire*, as imaginative as *Padre Padrone*, or even as outrageous and exasperating as *Salò* or *1900*, have turned up anywhere this year, the festival committee can hardly be faulted for not finding them.

Unfortunately, we've been left with a succession of entries filled with thematic ambitions and technical know-how, but for which only the most determined enthusiast could work up much enthusiasm. Typical in its low-keyed idiosyncrasy is the Canadian ***Skip Tracer,*** about a hard-boiled collection agent who eventually rebels at the cruelty of his trade—it is all very intelligent, plausible, and well made on an apparent shoestring. Zale R. Dalen, its young director, gets some deserving Brownie points for choosing to debut with so uncommercial a property, but the result is a mite ponderous and literal all the same.

Michel Deville's ***Dossier 51*** likewise decries the mayhem that can be inflicted on the unwitting from the keyboard of a computer terminal. While the plot details the surveillance and ultimate destruction of a French bureaucrat at the hands of a mysterious agency seeking influence through blackmail, the labyrinthine web of a perverted technology is the real subject of the director's steely eye—the masterminds remain disembodied voices, the victim a blurred image in a telephoto lens. Accomplices of the former and cohorts of the latter are captured on tape recorders and computer printouts, and are spied upon by the subjective camera as if the audience and the corporate culprits were one and the same. *Dossier 51*'s abstract coolness and rigor are admirable beyond any doubt, but it's finally just one of many films in this year's event that are a lot more interesting to talk about afterwards than to experience.

Two offerings from Poland and Czechoslovakia could both be applauded for their political agnosticism, but it's a little depressing to see what's passing for nonconformity in Eastern Europe nowadays. Vera Chytilova was one of the leading lights of the pre-1968 Czech cinema, and it took

STEPHEN HARVEY is INQUIRY's film reviewer. He is coordinator of the film study program, Museum of Modern Art, New York City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her seven years to get ***The Apple Game*** approved for production by the current regime. All this persistence has brought forth a subtly feminist battle-of-the-sexes comedy about a free-spirited maternity nurse and a starchy, self-infatuated obstetrician. *The Apple Game* is sprightly and likable, with a winning infusion of hospital-ward gallows humor as the sparring lovers trade smooches and scalpels. Since it lacks the usual socialist-bloc ideological uplift, it's easy to understand why the movie faced such opposition at home. Yet inured as we are in the West to larky romance à la mode, *The Apple Game* inevitably seems much less of a revelation here.

KRZYSZTOF ZANUSSI'S ***Camouflage*** likewise sparked a tempest of controversy in its native land, thanks to its fervent lampooning of compromise and bureaucracy in the Polish groves of academe (and, by implication, throughout the political system itself). Yet in the attempt to say it all while he has the chance, Zanussi forces his assortment of idealists, devil's advocates, and fools to orate ad infinitum. In context, *Camouflage* may be a lot more daring than an American equivalent such as, say, *The Paper Chase*, but somehow any vitality the script may have had was lost in the transition to the screen.

No New York Film Festival would be complete without an annual entry from the ever-prolific Truffaut, but he too seems to have been afflicted by the all-pervasive air of torpor. ***The Green Room*** is a mournful companion piece to his recent *The Story of Adele H.* and *The Man Who Loved Women;* once again Truffaut has focused on a loner immersed in a psychosexual fixation to the point of complete self-destruction. Like Adele, Julien Davenne (played by Truffaut himself) is obsessed with a romantic object forever beyond his grasp—in this case, the specter of his late wife. A minor journalist in the French provinces during the 1920s, Davenne is isolated by his bereavement and guilt-ridden at having survived the carnage of the First World War when so many friends and colleagues perished. His interest in the living extends only to those willing to join him in his single-minded homage to the extinct.

The film is purportedly based in part on Henry James's "The Altar of the Dead"; there are also overtones of that author's "The Beast in the Jungle," since in both that story and this film the hero permits an intelligent, lonely woman to witness his strange quest for fulfillment, only to realize too late that she held the key to his salvation all along. If anything, *The Green Room* is too faithful a transcription of Truffaut's literary models to work as a film. The painstakingly deliberate accretion of detail and the monochromatic emotional timbre of the narrative have been translated into visual terms by the ubiquitous Nestor Almendros, whose camera work is an unrelieved study in dank browns and foggy grays—it's a technical tour de force of the dreariest sort.

It all seems rather purposeless, because Truffaut's point of view remains as murky as the photography. Clearly, he identifies at least in part with the morbid destiny of the central figure—among the icons in Davenne's candlelit shrine are images of James himself, Oskar Werner in his *Jules and Jim* garb, and the late composer Maurice Jaubert, whose music underscores the film. Yet in mimicking James's distanced tone, he unfolds the story too dispassionately to allow the viewer to comprehend, much less to emotionally share in, the compulsion that possesses the hero. The whole conundrum is further obscured by Truffaut's monotonously uninflected performance in the focal role. Ultimately, it's impossible to distinguish between the pulseless defeatism of Truffaut's subject and the film he's created around it.

The Italian ***Elective Affinities*** (based on Goethe) is yet another limp example of the Illustrated-Pages-from-the-Great-Works-of-Literature genre. Where do filmmakers get the naive notion that they're doing the classics a favor by slavishly reproducing them on screen? Goethe's themes—the inescapable truth of moral constraints, the exquisite agony of guilty passion, the embracing of death to expiate sin—don't exactly coincide, in the best of circumstances with contemporary sensibilities, and director Gianni Amico only further distances us from the material by transplanting Goethe's prose style intact as well. What may seem eloquent within the conventions of written fiction is transformed into ludicrous garrulity when spoken on screen—this is travesty, rather than homage. In adapting this quadrille of emotional infidelity for the movies, Amico has added some visual redundancies of his own; there are innumerable shots of a horseman galloping in a frenzy through the woods, interspersed with tableaux of the two heroines forever caught in the throes of mute melancholy. Each climactic scene is surrounded by congealed hunks of dead footage, as if there were something vulgar about the notion of cutting away for anything save continuity. It's not impossible to convey this kind of archaic romanticism on screen—Visconti, for one, did it in *Senso* by matching the high-flown histrionics of his actors with his own bravura visual style, while paring the dialogue to a minimum. Amico simply forces his actors to strike their fervent attitudes, impassively recording it all from the same static angles. The result makes them look ridiculous and reduces the text to bastardized kitsch.

Considering the flaccid competition,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it's not surprising that so many people have responded to Robert Mulligan's heavy-breathing ***Bloodbrothers*** — heaven knows it propels itself forward with energy to spare. There seems to be no middle ground on this movie— critics and civilians alike are left either seething or enraptured, depending, I suppose, on one's willingness to succumb to Mulligan's unashamedly blatant emotionalism. For my part, I found it the most overinflated American movie of the year, bar none. From his earlier films (*To Kill a Mockingbird, Love with the Proper Stranger,* etc.) through the more recent ones like *The Pursuit of Happiness* and *The Summer of '42*, Mulligan's show-biz canniness has always undercut his desire to say Something Important—his movies are airbrushed billboards touting sincerity and high purpose.

Mulligan this time around applies his stamp to a subject that in any case has been rather overexposed of late. Like *Rocky, Saturday Night Fever,* et al., *Bloodbrothers* takes us on an anthropological visit to those familiar denizens of Lower Slobovia, the "typical" blue-collar ethnic family. The De Cocos are a Bronx dynasty of construction workers; Chubby (Paul Sorvino) is a good-hearted drone, brother Tommy (Tony Lo Bianco) is a pathetically preening womanizer soldered in matrimony to the whiny Marie (Lelia Goldoni). Tommy's elder son Stony (Richard Gere), the reigning stud at the local disco (of course), nevertheless languishes in the hope that there's gotta be something better outside the housing project they inhabit, while 10-year-old Albert (Floyd Levine) is collapsing under the strain of all the intramural wrangling. Mulligan has posed himself an impossible dilemma—stressing how destructive and stifling the traditional family ties can be, while celebrating those very same bonds with an indulgent eye for those lower orders who don't know any better. The De Cocos are all raw guts without a semblance of rational thought among them. They have a shared vocabulary of about 10 words, half of them expletives. Their favorite pastimes are screaming, bawling, and lunging at each other, with time off for beery self-pity.

As with Bertolucci's clean, noble peasants in *1900*, Mulligan's vaunted compassion is nothing more than disguised condescension—he reduces his heroes, the "people," to the most primitive ethnic stereotypes. At best, Mulligan makes one feel a kind of smug superiority to these gargoyles; as he shoves the camera ever closer to catch each twitch of Marie De Coco's umpteenth emotional seizure, he only transforms her into a figure of grotesque comedy instead of the object of human pity he may have intended.

The movie's defenders would doubtless dismiss such criticisms as irrelevant, justifying the use of melodrama here as enhancing the power of the social metaphor. Such thinking only confuses "operatic" dramatic license with hysterical excess—*Bloodbrothers* is all orgasm and no foreplay. Throughout, it distills the worst moments from two generations of bad movie memories. Like *West Side Story,* it opens with helicopter views of the city landscape accompanied by musical sonic booms over the soundtrack, courtesy of Elmer Bernstein instead of Leonard. Working in a children's hospital ward, Gere regales his charges with a moist fable of chin-up amity, the kiddie-bathos likes of which haven't been seen since poor, crippled Irene Dunne trilled to her wards in *Love Affair* that "wishing will make it so." Under Mulligan's aegis, Gere runs through a retrospective survey of every ethnic-star shtick from Brando through De Niro and Travolta, while pushing his biceps, cheekbones, and sensitive gaze for all they're worth. Meanwhile, the rest of the actors standing in for the De Coco clan compete by scaling new heights of stridency. *Bloodbrothers* is only for people whose idea of a meaningful movie experience is to be steamrollered into submission.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES: $0.25 PER word, minimum insertion $5.00. Six to 11 insertions: 10 percent off; 12 or more insertions: 20 percent off. Payment must accompany insertion order: INQUIRY, 1700 Montgomery St., San Francisco, CA 94111.

Publications

PHILOLOGOS—PRIVATE NEWSLETTER OF libertarian commentary and satirical speculation. Sample $0.50, 12 issues $5.00. OEHII, Box 2586, Tallahassee, FL 32304.

THE PEOPLE'S GUIDE TO CAMPAIGN POLITICS by Gary Robert Schwedes. Definitive work on local campaign techniques. Nominated in *Washington Monthly* for Political Book of the Year. Send $3.30 to: Schwedes Campaign Consultants, 1725 The Promenade, #304-K, Santa Monica, CA 90401.

*"SURVIVAL / COMBAT / SELF-DEFENSE / WILDER*ness Living/Guerrilla Warfare"... Books/Manuals ... Largest catalog available $1.00 ... Ken Hale (I-100), McDonald, OH 44437.

*READ THE HOTTEST BOOK IN THE TAX RE*volt movement. *The Biggest Con: How the Government is Fleecing You,* by Irwin Schiff. 368 blistering pages. "A blockbuster"—John Chamberlain. Send $6.50 to Freedom Books, P.O. Box 5303-A, Hamden, CT 06518.

WORTH READING—LEGAL PRINCIPLES OF Founding Fathers and the Supreme Court. Send one dollar to Pro Life Coalition of Pennsylvania, P.O. Box 121, Jenkintown, PA 19046.

DID MIND-CONTROLLED ZOMBIES SHOOT the Kennedys, King, Wallace? Send 25¢ for informative 10-page book catalog. Research, Box 11071, Aptos, CA 95003.

NO TIME TO READ? LITERATURE OF LIBERTY is your magazine. A quarterly journal abstracting important articles from nearly 400 journals—international in scope. Each issue features a bibliographical essay and 100 abstracts in philosophy, Political Science, Law, Economics, History, and more. $12/4 issues. *Literature of Liberty,* Box I, 1700 Montgomery St., San Francisco, CA 94111.

Merchandise

FINE WALKING STICKS AND CANES. WRITE FOR free brochure. Marchele Co., Dept. Y, 720 Fort Washington Ave., New York, NY 10040.

THOMAS PAINE WALL PLAQUE. STRIKINGLY decorative and meaningful. Information write exclusive distributor: Independent Publications, Box 162, Paterson, NJ 07513.

CLONE YOURSELF KIT . . . A TIMELY NOVELTY idea! The perfect gift for that special someone you can't get enough of. Send $5.95 + $1.95 shipping to Live Lights, Box 705-11, 4850 S. Lake Park, Chicago, IL 60615. Dealer inquiries invited.

Services

*NEW SCREENS FOR POLAROIDS! MAKE IN*stant offset halftones. Brochure. Order form. 15¢ stamp. Bloomingville Grant-Society, Box 561, South Bloomingville, OH 43152.

BOOK SEARCHING. ALL CATEGORIES. Large stock. Lists available. Regent House, 108 N. Roselake, Los Angeles, CA 90026.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS GET CULTURED, SINGLE, widowed, or divorced persons acquainted nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081.

*LIBERTARIAN LAWYER—LIBERTARIAN CAUS*es. Handles major and complex litigation—criminal and civil—IRS cases—regulatory cases, etc. Former Federal Prosecutor. Write or call: Sheldon R. Waxman, J.D., 30 W. Washington St., Suite 915, Chicago, IL 60602, (312) 782-1360.

Education

EDUCATORS—IF YOU HAVE SOME PRACTICAL, real world approaches on how to privatize schools in a receptive community, let us know. Write soon to School Project, 805a West Figueroa, Santa Barbara, CA 93101.

Miscellaneous

HAVE FUN! PLAY THE TAX PROTEST GAME with a COMFORT tax kit. Tea bags, pseudo-money, letter stickers, bumper strip, "Taxation is Legalized Theft," all for $2 postpaid. COMFORT, Box 1442, Mission, KS 66222.

*THROW AN ANTI-INFLATION PARTY. DECO*rate with wild balloons, auction with pseudo-money. Kit contains bumper strip, "Inflation is Government Fraud," and many other useful items. $2 postpaid. From COMFORT, Box 11177, Kansas City, KS 66111.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christmas Seal Greetings from the children of America.

Kids want sparkling, bright Christmases. Not polluted snowflakes and lung disease.

Children who care are speaking up. For lung associations. In the fight against smoking and pollution. Against asthma, emphysema, and other lung diseases.

Christmas Seals protect everyone's lungs. Including little lungs. Which need extra protection to stay healthy.

The children of America created the 1978 Christmas Seals. When you use these seals you help create the kind of disease-free world kids want. And deserve.

Give to Christmas Seals. Because your lung association cares about every breath you take. They really do.

AMERICAN LUNG ASSOCIATION

The "Christmas Seal" People

We care about every breath you take

Space contributed by the publisher as a public service

LICENSED TO UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The perfect answer: *INQUIRY* for Christmas!

INQUIRY
SPECIAL NEW YORK
Victor Marchetti on Colby and Helms
The Quest for the Manchurian Candidate
The CIA in Angola, Philip Agee's Woes
Breaking & Entering

Q. What shall I give my friend (with whom I debate endlessly) . . . my uncle (his worldview comes straight from the six o'clock news) . . . my daughter (recalcitrant though she may be) . . . my colleague (he knows all the answers—to the wrong questions) this holiday season?

A. The perfect answer is *INQUIRY*. You'll stimulate your friend. Maybe irritate your uncle, reach your daughter (who knows?), and give your colleague something to think about.

INQUIRY is the interesting gift for interested people! And it gets them to think (and think of you) issue after issue, month after month.

1st Gift—$12.50 **2nd Gift—$10.00** **Each Additional Gift—$7.50**

Please send a year of *INQUIRY* (20 issues) and a holiday card announcing my gift to the following people.

1st Gift (please print)
Address
City State Zip

2nd Gift
Address
City State Zip

3rd Gift
Address
City State Zip

Your Name
Address
City State Zip

☐ My check is enclosed.
☐ Please bill me.

☐ Renew my subscription.
☐ Also enter a subscription in my name.

Send to: Holiday Gifts, *INQUIRY*, 1700 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94111

11248

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED